







St. Martin, O. School of Brown County Ursulines

# The Alumnae Association

of the

# Ursulines of Brown County, Ohio

The Alumnae Association will Embrace all Pupils of Schools Presided over by the Arsuline Sisters of St. Martin, Brown County, Ohio



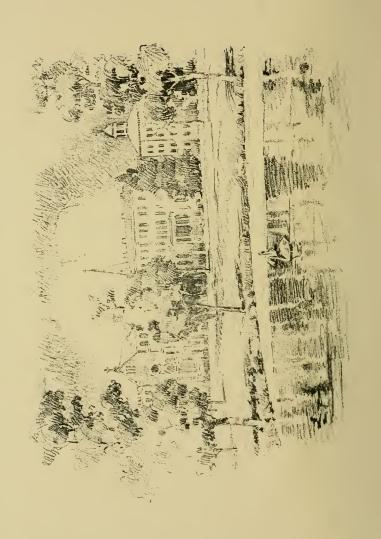
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# ALUMNAE YEAR BOOK



# Brown County's Seventy-Five Years

Fair Alma Mater, `round thy face
Clings with a meek and noble grace
The sweet serenity of years.
Thou'st added to the olden charm
The mellow beauty born of time.
With loving hearts, a diadem
We bring to crown thy youthful prime.

Full joyously then strike the lyre,
The golden cup is running o'er,
Its ruby drops like liquid fire
A-trembling, all their wealth outpour.
Attune the joyful lay still higher,
And raise to Heaven the brimming store!
Brown County's Golden Jubilee.

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Patient she stands, as one with grief acquaint, And lo! the prismed tears on her fair cheek In Heaven's laughing light gleam diamond This radiant day. Above the mists that cling About her feet, she looks beyond, serene, Untroubled still. The rose of future dawns Shall touch to life and joy her spirit strong. She knows the rock whereof her base is hewn, And waits, aware, the inscrutable design.

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Lilting carillons ring out!
Lo! her children swell the shout,
Glad and high unto the stars:—
Alma Mater, tender, true,
Diamond-crowned, bepearled with dew,
Tears God's light is shining through.

Strength of thine throbs in our veins.

Through our lives thy quickening reigns.

Live thou,—Flame upon the height,—
Beckoning upward 'thwart the night,
Wind-fanned, constant in thy might!



# FOREWORD

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And when the bitter war was on and our heroes gripped in the fight, she looked up from her busy task, and called to her daughters, and said:

"And you, what have you done, my daughters, in this business of your father?"

Straightway, to Alma Mater, as in response to the fine slender note of the Pied Piper, out from hamlet and town and hill and dale, over river and rill and peak, there came trooping once more her children,—so to the arms of motherhood comes ever the child with its trophies,—

"\* \* \* \* Rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping \* \* \* \* \* \*

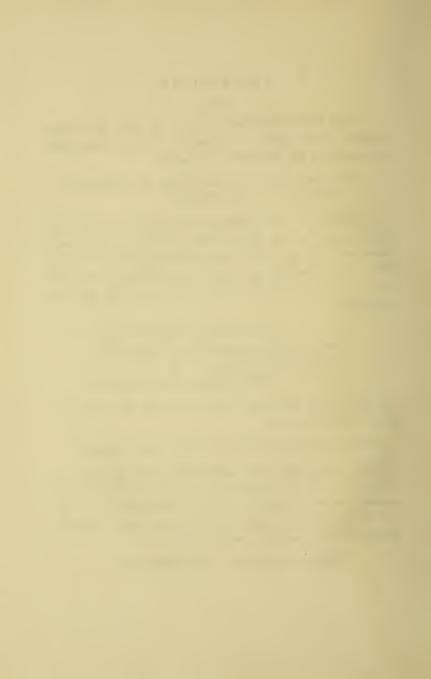
\* \* \* \* With shouting and laughter;"

so that all the air was made sweet with the music of their familiar voices.

And in this little book is set down what they said.

So now, when fickle fame, crying out, points the finger in scorn, "Vah! What hast thou to show for thy five and seventy years of homely toil and futile dreams?"—she draws aside the curtain of the years, and, like the stately Roman matron, proudly smiles,—

"Behold My Jewels,—My Diamonds!"



# War Work at the Convent

But it was in the Brown County Chapel that this real War Work was done.

Robert Hugh Benson made a master stroke when he described the nun kneeling at her prie-dieu in silent prayer before the Blessed Sacrament-like a great financier, seated motionless in his city office, while every movement of the connecting wires tingles out from that still room all over the world, with a power that sways fortunes and human lives. "I perceived", he goes on, "I perceived that the black figure knelt at the center of reality and force, and with the movements of her will and lips controlled destinies for eternity. There ran out from this peaceful chapel, lines of spiritual power, bewildering in profusion and terrible in intensity... souls leaped up and renewed the conflict . . . struggled from death into spiritual life at the feet of the Redeemer on the other side of death. . . This nun, behind these walls, here in the silence of grace! . . . with the cries of people and nations, and of persons whom the world counts important, sounding like the voices of children at play in the muddy street out-

Since America's entrance into the war, prayer has been offered up incessantly at Brown County—prayer and self-denial and labor. The Holy Hour before the altar has been made repeatedly, with special devotions and hymns for our brave boys "over there". The Church's beautiful War Time Collects from the Missal, and Prayers for Victorious Peace, and Prayers for Christendom, and Prayers for Days of Pestilence, have been daily recited. Governor Cox asked for a general Day of Prayer; President Wilson called for another; the Holy Father urged the solemn consecration of Families to the Sacred Heart of Jesus; our most Reverend Archbishop gave permission for Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament on the third Sunday of each month, so that with the regular Exposition days of the Community, it made a continuous

chain of supplication, for the soldiers, the suffering, the dead, the bereaved. And the Benedictions, the Masses and Communions, of nuns and little girls, have been poured out in that quiet chapel, like incense, in loving petition to the Master, Who even in joy, bears yet in Hands and Feet those Wounds that used to bleed for men!

Thus, Brown County Convent lost no time in finding a Bit to do for the War. Knitting needles were soon clacking busily, hospital garments were under way. It was said of Mother Assistant (Mechtilde) that she knitted while she walked along in the dark. By September the War Work of the school was organized; all time devoted in former years to the famous "plain sewing" and embroidery was devoted in 1917-18 to War Work of the Red Cross. In the Directress' room hung a long Roll of Honor for sweaters, helmets, scarfs, wristlets.

Every species of war economy has been practiced,—especially in the nuns' refectory,—everything according to Mr. Hoover's own heart; perhaps the greatest self-denial of all was in gasoline, since Brown County's automobile, and Oak Street's as well, exists so far—only in dreams!

Meanwhile, Mother Mechtilde gathered together the women of St. Martin and the vicinity into a Red Cross Chapter, Perry Township Branch, with headquarters at the convent, and Miss May Scanlon of St. Martin was made Secretary and Treasurer. On Thursday afternoons, the Studio rooms,—in olden times, the Day Class, were given over to Red Cross work and a very good record was made.

In February, 1918, the Brown County girls gave a beautiful Colonial Ball for the benefit of the Red Cross. Under direction of Sister Jerome, Mistress of the First Department, they planned and made their own costumes in a most attractive color scheme, so that with powdered queues and patches, the dames and beaux seemed to have slipped out of some ballroom of '76. The Play Hall was decorated with pink roses and greens, and the lights and music added a sparkle to young eyes. There were all sorts of fancy dances and a stately march.

Posters had been put up in neighboring towns, and though the weather was phenomenally severe, with heavy snow, quite a number of people came in country sleighs, and about seventy dollars was taken in.

Only in a very modest way has the convent been able to contribute to the financial calls of the war. But friends have been thoughtful and generous. The Alumnae Association in June, 1917, voted a Hundred Dollar Liberty Bond to the Community. Mrs. Mary Gomier Freschard—always Lady Bountiful to her dear Brown County—sent a Hundred Dollar Liberty Bond as her Christmas present. Mrs. Ada Boyle Wetterer, of Cincinnati, presented a hundred dollars to the new Oak Street Chapel Fund, which was at once invested in a Liberty Bond, and finally the enthusiastic Oak Street children of 1917-18, bought a Fifty Dollar Liberty Bond and presented it to the nuns for the Chapel Fund.

The Dramatic Pageant usually given on the lawn of recent years, at Commencement time, was in 1918 converted into a Red Cross Benefit, and about five hundred dollars raised for our soldier boys.

The Convent grounds looked like a dream world under the artificial lights, with a moon struggling through. Every artistic point in the landscape was utilized—Lake Stanislaus, Solomon's Run, the battlements of the Gothic chapel. Real sheep were brought in from the farm and added their pathetic bleating to Jeanne's tragic tale. One of the Convent horses, "Jim" a sometime gift of Mr. Frank Messman, carried The Maid through her triumph with such an air that the nuns declared he knew he was acting a part. The little white crosses carried by the Folk of Orleans in the procession were brought to light from an obscure corner in the "granary" the same identical crosses brought over from France in '45, and used by the French nuns in olden times when they had the processions of the Blessed Sacrament through the woods to Confirmation Hill, and good old Monseigneur the Archbishop preached five times on the way!

# A PAGEANT OF JEANNE D'ARC Tuesday Evening, June Eighteenth On the Lawn

# AT A OUARTER TO EIGHT O'CLOCK

By the Ursuline Nuns, based upon the text of the original process. Staged, costumed and coached by the nuns.

Every incident is historically authentic, and Jeanne's words are taken almost entirely

from history.

#### PART FIRST

I.—The Cottage at Domremy. II.—Jeanne before the Dauphin at Chinon. III.—Jeanne raiseth the Siege of Orleans.

ENTR'ACTE—Jeanne's letter to the City of Tours. IV.—The Coronation of the Dauphin, Charles VII, at Rheims Cathedral. Here endeth Jeanne's human triumph.

#### PART SECOND

Here beginneth Jeanne's spiritual triumph. ENTR'ACTE—Jeanne captured at Compiègne. V.—Jeanne is condemned by the Inquisition. VI.—Jeanne wins her spiritual victory. O death, where is thy sting!

### CHARACTERS OF THE PAGEANT

JEANNE D'ARC	Miss Margaret McIntyre
JACQUE D'ARC, her father .	Miss Margaret McDonough
Jeanne's Mother	. Miss Virginia Straus
Pierre d'Arc, Jeanne' brother	. Miss Virginia Johnson
Antoine, Jeanne's lover .	Miss Mary Barnes
HAUVETTE )	Miss Alberta Majewski
Mengette \ Jeanne's companion	ns Miss Marian Cahill
ETIENNE )	Miss Ella Connole
THE DAUPHIN, CHARLES VII	Miss Clementine Ritchie
La Trêmouille	Miss Rose Evelyn Wagner
La Hire	. Miss Mary C. Dillon

Dunois PASQUEREL, Jeanne's confessor LADY OF TRÊVES LADY OF GAICOURT Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais JEAN BEAUPERE, Judge JEAN MASSIEU, clerk Boisguillaume, clerk PAGE TO JEANNE SAINT MICHAEL

Miss Mary Rainey Miss Anna Louise Connor Miss Nina Sun Miss Dorothy Grimes Miss Alice Casey Miss Kathryn Prosser Miss Florence Snider Miss Grace Makley Miss Jane Ward Johnson Miss Margaret Shelley

GROUP OF SINGERS Towns People FOLK DANCERS CHILDREN

SINGING:

Attende Domine Veni Creator Dies Irae SOLDIERS Monks HERALDS

His Excellency Governor Cox had expected to attend the Red Cross Benefit, but was detained by the death of his child. The following letter was much appreciated by nuns and children:

> STATE OF OHIO EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT COLUMBUS

> > May 4, 1918.

School of the Brown County Ursulines, Saint Martin, Ohio.

My dear Sister:

From present indications I can be with you on June tenth. It will be a pleasure to come down and discuss the only thing people are interested in now—the war—with your students and guests.

With every good wish, I am,

Very sincerely yours, JAMES M. Cox.

Wyoming, Cincinnati, Ohio, September 30, 1918.

Dear Sister:

In answer to your request, I'll try to tell you something of our Graduation Pageant, which by confirmation of every member of the Class of 1918, was the prettiest ever given in Brown County.

It is a long, long story, but I will start at the very beginning to tell you, so you will understand it all.

It was given for the Benefit of the Red Cross, an admission of twenty-five cents being charged, and all the people of the surrounding country were invited to come, as well as all the friends and relatives of the girls, who come up from the city every June to witness Brown County's Pageant.

My! How excited we were that April morning when you came into the class room to tell us of your plans for Jeanne D'Arc, for that was what it was to be. It was to start with Jeanne as a peasant girl at Domremy, with her apparitions and voices, and depict the events of her life, her triumphs and defeats, to her execution. It was to include her interview with the Dauphin, and after obtaining his permission she was to lead the armies joyously into Orleans. After all this she was to accomplish that for which she had been sent, to lead the Dauphin to be crowned at Rheims. This over, she was to be led to her tragic and heroic death at the stake in Rouen.

It all seemed as one grand dream at first, but it was a dream that was to come true, for almost immediately we began to rehearse. Backgrounds were picked out on the lawn which would be most suitable for each scene, from the peasant cottage to Rheims Cathedral, to be represented by our Chapel seen through the trees.

At first the rehearsals were few and far between, but as time flew by they became more frequent and longer. Sometimes it was just Jeanne and her lover in the sheep pasture, other times the great street crowds of Orleans.

Soon the time came for dress rehearsals, and how thrilling they were! Poor Margaret McIntyre, for she was Jeanne, had more than one dress rehearsal to go through. Her change from peasant to warrior made a striking contrast. I suppose I should suffix "ette" to that warrior, for that is what she would be called in these times.

All the costumes were beautiful, from the courtly trains of the dancing coquettes to the shining breast plates of the soldiers. No effort was spared to make each girl's costume the most appropriate for the character she was to portray.

Before we knew it, the time had passed for short rehearsals, and frequently whole evenings were devoted to the Pageant. Short parts and long parts were gone over with great thoroughness, time after time, until they were approved. We worked on our costumes daily to add the finishing touches. Last but not least came the wonderful lights which make the real beauty of an evening play, so generously given by "Uncle Bob," Mr. Robert Wolfe of Columbus, and Mr. George Kelly of Springfield. The horses were decorated with elaborate furnishings, for several of us had to ride.

The real performance was given on Monday evening, the seventeenth of June. The night was ideal and the moonlight was glorious. Each girl performed her part nicely and was enthusiastically applauded by the large audience. The admission fee amounted to \$500, which was given to the Red Cross, a sum which well repaid us for our work.

Lastly, dear Sister, comes our gratitude and appreciation to you, for the most important part of all, the writing of the libretto and the superintending of the whole performance. Had it not been for you, with your splendid enthusiasm and plans, Jeanne D'Arc would not have met with half the success it did. When we think of the play now, we think not only of the lovely effects you produced, but of the hours of patient labor you so generously gave, and the success of the Pageant was the result of your untiring efforts.

I hope I have succeeded in giving you a general idea of our preparations, for it really was so interesting to notice the progress of so big an undertaking.

Give my love to all the dear Nuns in Brown County, also the girls who are lucky enough to be back this year. I

have not quite become used to the fact that I am not there at school, but I am there in my thoughts just the same.

All my love to you.

Devotedly,

CLEMENTINE RITCHIE.

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# WAR WORK AT OAK STREET CONVENT CINCINNATI

As soon as America declared War our little Oak Street School thrilled with patriotism. For years, a group of ladies, some Alumnae, some new friends, some Protestants, some Catholics, have been accustomed to gather at the Convent every second Monday afternoon to sew for the poor. Tea was served by the younger ladies and there was always a genial gathering. Eventually, they formed themselves into a Chapter of the Martha, auxiliary to Catholic Church Extension, to which they sent many boxes of clothing and church linens. Oak Street School has always done definite charitable work. Every Christmas they send a barrel of substantial eatables to the poor through the Visitation Society. They have given entertainments for various causes, notably the Children's Nursery in care of the Sacred Heart Convent Sodality. So the women of the Martha now formed themselves into the Ursuline Unit for War Work—the very first Unit formed in Cincinnati. All summer they met at the Convent and sewed; and they took a very active part in the big Bazaar, organized by all the Catholic Societies of Cincinnati, for the Chaplain's Aid Fund. Later, when parishes began to organize, the nuns suggested that the Ursuline Unit be dissolved, the ladies entering each into her own parish Unit, while the Oak Street School was made into a Junior Red Cross Unit. In September a prize patriotic pin was offered by Mrs. Alma Furste of Hyde Park for the best knitted sweater in the school by November. The following letter will best tell who won it.

Norwood, Ohio, October, 1918.

Dear Sister:

You wish me to give an account of our Sweater Contest for the War Work at Oak Street.

Last winter with its severe cold kept our soldier boys in the camps in our minds. . . . . Mother Josephine asked each one of us to knit a sweater, and to excite interest a medal was offered for the neatest and best-knit sweater. Many a tear-stained eye there was in the next few weeks as we tried to purl, and to avoid dropping the stitches. Two days before Thanksgiving our fate was sealed; sixty sweaters were considered good enough to enter into the competition. They were exhibited on tables in the back parlor, where all the parents and friends could see, and a Committee consisting of Mrs. Charles Lyman of Hyde Park, and Mrs. John Rettig, of Walnut Hills, decided the prize. Mr. Robert Wolfe of Columbus, who was to have come to make the speech was called to an inspection tour at Camp Sheridan, so Mr. George Burba, of the Columbus Dispatch came instead and made a most interesting War Speech. He was introduced by Mr. Robert Wuest of Cincinnati, who as husband of a Brown County girl (Miss Flora Strobel), said a great many nice things about the nuns. Frances Walsh, Mr. Walsh's daughter, won the prize. It was all very nice and characteristic of all affairs given by the Ursuline School—namely, a huge success. (Frances Walsh is daughter of Mrs. Frances Seymour Walsh of the Alumnae.)

With kindest regards and best wishes from all the girls,
Affectionately,

LORETTO MADDOCK.

Every week during the winter, numbers of sweaters and knitted things galore were sent in to headquarters. Oak Street is very proud of its boys; it receives only the elite of the male sex—that is to say, just Boy Scouts—and little Brothers! And each boy, out of great tribulation managed to knit a square for a big soldier's blanket, mighty nice on a chilly night on board ship. Fine training in deftness of fingers,

that. But mostly these boys rivalled the little girls in the Thrift Stamp Campaign, which was thus commended by the Chairman.

# Hamilton County War Savings Committee 336 Walnut Street

Cincinnati, Ohio, October 26, 1918.

Dear Sister:

In grateful appreciation it was decided by the judges to offer in behalf of the Hamilton County War Savings Committee to the leader of each school special prizes, consisting of one five dollar War Savings Stamp. We are glad to advise you that Mary Elizabeth Ferguson was the successful contestant at your school, and we have informed her accordingly.

Your patriotic efforts in directing the War Savings Stamp work at your school have been of inestimable value, and will be manifest in the uplift of the Nations. In earnest appre-

ciation, I am

Yours very truly,
Hamilton County War Savings Committee,
Alfred G. Allen, Chairman.

In the Liberty Loan Drive the children conceived the idea of buying a Bond and presenting it to the Oak Street Chapel Fund. The following notice is from the *Times-Star*,

October 20th:

Liberty Day was celebrated at the Ursuline School, Oak and Reading Road, with great enthusiasm. Boys and girls were pouring in their contributions to the School Liberty Bond, and they were excited by the fact that they were to buy their Bond from the charming little actress, Miss Marguerite Clarke, who, like them had been a pupil of the Brown County Ursulines. Miss Clarke sent word for the children to go down to the Sinton Hotel, so the Class of 1918, Misses Helen Butler, Edith O'Neill, Gertrude Sullivan, Marian Dickerson and Viola Richardson, in state, chaperoned by Mrs. Wesley Furste (Alma Dekkebach) of Mount Auburn, were

received by Miss Marguerite in her apartment at the Sinton, where Rosemarian Burke, aged six, presented for the school the following letter: "Dear Miss Marguerite Clarke: I guess you will think I am a very little girl, but I am much bigger than I was, because God sent a new baby brother to our house yesterday. The girls and boys at Oak Street School have sent me, and we are Brown County Ursuline children, and I guess you know what that means! They sent me to buy a Liberty Bond from you, because we all love Miss Marguerite Clarke, and the nuns say they are very proud of her, she is so good and so sweet. They sent me to buy a Liberty Bond, because we all think that is the biggest thing we know how to do, for our school and our country. Signed, Rosemarian Burke." The petition for the Bond was then formally presented at the public booth on Fountain Square, witnessed by an amused crowd.

At Commencement time it was decided to give an outdoor entertainment at Oak Street Convent for the Knights of Columbus War Fund. The lawn is just sufficiently retired from the street to afford a good situation, with the action centered at the beautiful stone loggia in the rear of the house, the area ribboned off as far as the statue of Our Lady of Victory which was also utilized. About seven hundred people were present. Miss Edith O'Neill has written for the Alumnae the following account of the Lawn Entertainment and Graduation.

South Norwood, Ohio, September 12, 1918.

Dear Sister:

That day of days is gone but will never be forgotten by our class. From the year's beginning we had planned every detail, but we owe thanks to Mother Josephine who worked so patiently and steadily with us and I am sure it was her novel idea that made the Commencement Exercises the happy climax of our school days. I have heard several complimentary remarks about it. One lady said everything was performed with such sweetness and simplicity that the atmosphere was just such as it should be about a school girl. Another

told me she enjoyed the entertainment because it was just long enough and not at all tiresome. Dear Sister, no doubt you think me a boastful person, but I could go on forever telling the pleasant things people have said about my dear School. Whenever I use its name I feel a certain thrill, and my four classmates agree with me when I say it makes us realize that we have really taken the first step in the great Walk of Life and that when the struggle becomes too great, we have at least one staunch friend to whom we may turn. Thoughts something like these swept through my mind as I walked up the aisle on Graduation Day. Our little Flower Girls trudged beside us, as if guiding us to the portals of the world. We carried bouquets of red roses, symbol of our love for our dear teachers and companions. The stage was very prettily arranged. Large bunches of daisies and tiger lilies were placed about in wicker baskets and Old Glory was draped over George Washington's picture. This was appropriate, for our Conversation was entitled "Washington's Farewell Address". The exercises were opened by a song. Then Helen Butler, our talented pianiste, played Mendelssohn's Rondo Capriccioso. Following this came our conversation on George Washington, each of us giving some special point in his life, his Mother, his Education, his Character, his Home Life and Public Life. Much to my surprise, I received the medal for Christian Doctrine. Three little girls then cleverly recited a piece of poetry in French, and finally everyone was amused at Master Roland Ryan, who "rendered" with great expression the little verse called "The Robin".

Then came the great triumph of receiving our diplomas and being crowned with our laurel wreaths. We felt that our foundation of life was made firm by our education, received at the hands of that grand and glorious Order, the Ursulines of Brown County. Our first victory had been won. The most touching part of the program was the Coronation Ode. It made us realize what the companionship of the nuns and girls had meant to us during the years we had spent with them, and it made us strong in our resolve to visit Oak Street frequently. The Address given by Rev. George McGovern, S J., closed the exercises of the day. We received the guests in the parlors and in our excitement forgot all about our little flower

girls. But they had no such intentions, for that same evening we gave an entertainment for the Knights of Columbus War Fund, and there were our little girls as dear and sweet as ever. They knew it was their turn to be prominent. The whole entertainment was along patriotic lines. The Convent grounds were illuminated by electricity. Two large lights were focused on the girls as they did a pretty scarf dance, to soft tones of harp and violins. The most striking event of the evening was the Pageant of Columbia. The several Allies were represented by groups of the little Oak Street children, and the lights shifted and played on the lovely National colors of which the Red, White and Blue is always the most lovely. Then ice cream and cake and punch and cigars were sold while a Moving Picture, gift of Mr. Gus Sun of Springfield, Ohio, was shown. Much merriment was caused by the "Nonsense Parcels" sold by the girls. The affair was quite a success. Well, Sister, I hope I have given at least some idea of what occurred at Oak Street, June 11, 1918.

With love from me and all our Class to the nuns at Brown County.

MARY EDITH O'NEILL, Class of 1918.

The financial results of the Knights of Columbus Benefit are set forth in the letter that follows:

New Haven, Connecticut, August 21, 1918.

Reverend and dear Mother Josephine:

It gives me great pleasure to acknowledge officially the receipt of check for \$436.65, representing the proceeds of a Lawn Fete conducted by you for the Knights of Columbus War Camp Fund, and in behalf of all concerned to thank you most heartily for this very gracious action on your part. Your co-operation will be most helpful to us in the prosecution of our work for the soldiers and sailors.

May I ask you to accept for yourself, and to convey to all who helped to make the affair a success, our heartfelt gratitude for their assistance.

Respectfully yours,

WILLIAM J. McGINLEY, Supreme Secretary, Knights of Columbus.

The Oak Street School now numbers a hundred and eight pupils. The needs of the school urgently demand larger space for an auditorium, and especially a chapel. It is hoped that in the near future a modest addition may be made. The following notice from the *Enquirer*, September, 1918, upon the opening of school, gives a brief idea of its present standards:

A Commercial Course of two years, and a Course in Spanish are among the new features introduced this year at the School of the Ursulines, Oak Street and Reading Road, which resumes its classes September 12th. Registration takes place September 9th. A new course in Oral English is to be offered the young ladies of the higher classes this year, to satisfy a present demand in the woman's world, namely exercise of clear thinking and direct speaking upon questions of the day.

The Oak Street School is affiliated with Cincinnati University and with Catholic University, Washington, D. C. Several of its recent graduates are working towards A. B. at Cincinnati University, Misses Eleanor McDevitt, Marian Gau and Edith Thoman: one is at Trinity College, Washington, D. C., Miss Anna Dubruhl; Misses Nellie Burns and Marjorie Huerkamp have been graduated at Miami University in the Normal Department; Miss Helen Lemmon is working for a Bachelor of Music Degree at Oberlin College; Miss Marion Lindsay has received the Teacher's Certificate for Violin at Cincinnati College of Music; and Miss Alice Collins has passed examinations and has successfully worked in the Children's Department, Cincinnati Public Library. All of these are now Alumnae, all loyal, and each a veritable "progeny of learning", as Mrs. Malaprop says!

Furthermore, Miss Dorothy Bridwell, Class of 1919, has obtained a Scholarship for the Alliance Francaise, through the kind efforts of Miss Grace Hulsman. "Miss Grace" and "Miss Gertrude", household names at Oak Street, are nieces of Archbishop Purcell's Secretary, very Rev. Dr. Calaghan, a devoted benefactor of Brown County, well known to all oldtime pupils, and who now lies buried in the Convent cemetery with the Archbishop and all the Purcell family. To speak of Oak Street Convent these eight years— (and "Oak Street" is indeed approaching its twenty-fifth year)-to speak of the school and its work without mentioning its two indefatigable teachers, Misses Grace and Gertrude Hulsman, would be almost like leaving the predicate out of the sentence. For these two gifted women, both of them born educators, one a graduate of the Sacred Heart, the other of Brown County and now an Alumnae Director, have done such things for the school and the Community—with their loving, untiring enthusiasm, their refinement and spirituality and tact, that Brown County can but follow what is set down in the Book of Gold:

"And his mother kept all these things in her heart."

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By way of a bit of parenthetical gossip about the Convent, as in War Work an occasional sally is counted legitimate:

Most Reverend Archbishop Moeller on the 18th of April conferred the religious habit upon Miss Elizabeth Messman, '15, E. de M., as Sister Mary Elizabeth, and Miss Mary McCarthy of Cincinnati, as Sister Mary Aloysius, while Miss Mary Krebs, '14, E. de M., of Lake Charles, Louisiana, pronounced her vows as Sister Bernadine. On the following Dec. 4, 1918, Miss Marcella Kullman of Chicago, received the white veil as Sister Mary Catherine. Sister Rita's Silver Jubilee was celebrated Oct. 24th with High Mass and general rejoicing.

In April, 1918, there was an impressive little funeral at the Convent; Mrs. Annie Matthews Webb of Cincinnati was buried in the Convent cemetery, in accordance with a particular privilege she had obtained from the Community some years ago. Mrs. Webb was a very saintly and interesting

woman, who had become a Catholic in France under peculiarly interesting circumstances, largely through her friendship with the Comtesse de Chambrun. She has always been a great friend and benefactor of the Convent and remembered it in her will with a legacy of two thousand dollars. She was a member of the old Matthews family of Cincinnati; her nephew is the Right Reverend Paul Stanley Matthews, Protestant Episcopalian Bishop of New Jersey, and her niece, Sister Eva, is well known in the city as Foundress of the Convent of Episcopalian Sisters at Glendale, who conduct the Bethany Home for young girls. Her funeral was beautiful and simple on that Spring morning. She had been laid out by special privilege, in the white Dominican Habit of Tertiaries. Nuns and children with lighted tapers met the little procession on the main avenue, and walked down to the cemetery, chanting the De Profundis. With the members of the family came Mrs. Richard Mitchell, née Pearl Lincoln, and Mrs. Charles Lyman, and Sister Eva with another of the Glendale Sisters whose visit to Brown County was a mutual pleasure. They all expressed themselves as happy to think of Mrs. Webb resting in that lovely and peaceful spot.

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But Mrs. Webb was not the only one who has brought gifts. Among the many kind remembrances, great and small, which gladden the heart of Alma Mater, two will be of notable interest to the Alumnae—the painting and renovating of Music Hall, through the generosity of Mrs. Nano Holton Sexton of Wyoming, Cincinnati, and the erection of a handsome entrance at the head of the lane, an improvement long, long desired. It is of limestone with Bedford trimmings, in harmony with the stone bridges on the creek and in the lane, and with the gray Gothic chapel, and it is designed in the fine curve originally laid out for the entrance gate by Ma Mére Stanislaus. This is the gift of Mrs. W. J. Corcoran of Cincinnati, in memory of her late husband, and upon the occasion of her First Communion at Oak Street Convent.

In spite of the pressure of hard times the high price of living, and, as old Mrs. Grundy complained, "It's nothin' but

somethin' all the time", the Convent debt has been reduced since the last Year Book from fifty thousand dollars to about thirty thousand; for old-fashioned people believe the great thrift is to pay your debts.

So, on the whole, the Community holds its own in quiet steady fashion that seems in harmony with old traditions. There is a story told of the early days when the Main Building was being put up in 1846. The North wall was suddenly found to be out of plumb. Little Father Gacon volunteered to go down to the city next morning—by stage-coach—and to report to the architect. That night he had a vivid dream—he thought he saw the Blessed Virgin up over the new building, holding up the refractory wall. So startled was the good man that he arose, and ringing the nuns' bell in trepidation, told them his experience. Next morning the wall was found to be straight and the work progressed... And so they placed the Blessed Lady's Chapel at the North corner of the building, and Our Lady still, ... in every sense, ... holds up the walls!

c¥2

The small silver heart that hangs in the Sodality chapel still contains the names of all the Enfants de Marie since the foundation of the house. The same beautiful ceremony still attends the Consecration. Ten young aspirants have recently won the coveted privilege.

The Graduate Classes of 1916 were—at Brown County:

Miss Kathryn Maescher, Cincinnati, O.

Miss Agnes Little, Springfield, O.

Miss Mary Louise Gerlach, Sidney, O., E. de M.

Miss Grace Martin, Lake Charles, Louisiana.

## And at Oak Street:

Miss Mary Grever Miss Eleanor McDevitt
Miss Florence Klinkenberg Miss Marjorie Huerkamp
Miss Adele Kipp

## Class of 1917, at Brown County:

Miss Pauline Bosart, Springfield, O.

Miss Louise Sun, Springfield, O.

Miss Mary Ryan, Springfield, O., E. de M.

Miss Florence Wetterer, Cincinnati, O., E. de M.

Miss Marjorie Barnes, Bluefield, West Virginia

Miss Kittie Pauli, Dusseldorf, Germany, E. de M.

Kittie Pauli is granddaughter of one of the first pupils of Brown County, Josephine Corr Mackenzie; and daughter of a second generation of pupils, Mrs. Emma Mackenzie Pauli; she was sent to the Convent in care of a chaperone in 1913, her mother expecting to follow to this country shortly. To Emma's dismay, when war broke out she found that the German government considered her, ipso facto, by marriage, a German subject. It did not take the daughter long to get out her own papers when she came of age.

# Class of 1917, Oak Street:

Miss Anna Dubruhl
Miss Margaret White
Miss Alice Collins

Miss Angela Moorman Miss Mary Blanche Maggini Miss Edith Thoman

# Class of 1918, Brown County:

Miss Margaret McIntyre, Columbus, O.

Miss Dorothy Grimes, Nashville, Tenn., E. de M.

Miss Clementine Ritchie, Cincinnati, O.

Miss Margaret Macdonough, Cincinnati, O., E. de. M.

Miss Cecilia Overman, Cincinnati, O., E. de M.

Miss Alice Casey, Springfield, O., E. de. M.

Miss Florence Snider, Wheeling, West Virginia, E. de M. Miss Alberta Majewski, West Palm Beach, Florida, E. de M.

## At Oak Street:

Miss Helen Butler Miss Gertrude Sullivan
Miss Edith O'Neill Miss Viola Richardson
Miss Marian Dickerson

# Class of 1919, at Brown County:

Miss Mary Barnes, Bluefield, West Virginia.

Miss Nina Sun, Springfield, Óhio. Miss Ella Connole, Columbus, O'

Miss Anna Louise Connor, Lexington, Ky.

Miss Genevieve Gerlach, Sidney, O. Miss Gertrude Ernest, Westboro, O.

Miss Mary Cooke, Augusta, Ky. Miss Melba Bowen, Columbus, O.

#### At Oak Street:

Miss Mildred Kipp Miss Dorothy Bridwell Miss Katherine Butler Miss Rosemary McDevitt

SE2

Many relatives of the nuns have fought in the American Expeditionary Forces, and have kept the Convent in close touch with the great adventure. Mother Mechtilde's sister, Carrie, who had the rare privilege of nursing just two miles from the Front near the Chemin des Dames, has contributed a thrilling experience to our Alumnae War Work Book. Her brother was interpreter with the Marines. Sister Gonzaga had a nephew in the Signal Service. Sisters Monica and Josephine had eight nephews in Army and Navy, Sister Augustine, several cousins. Sister Dominic and Sister Mary Ursula have brothers and cousins in the British Army. Sister M. Catherine's brother is on a destroyer in the Mediterranean. Sister Louise, Sister Mary James, Sister Rita, Sisters M. Frances and M. Thomas, all have cousins and other relatives at the front.

Many are the prayers that have followed them, and with glad hearts their home-coming is awaited—"From the morning watch even unto night... hope in the Lord."

Sister Bernardine's brother, one of three in the service, Jack, Bernard, of the Field Signal Battalion and Julian, Midshipman at Annapolis, is a graduate of the Rollo School of Mines, Univ. Missouri, and as a member of Battery A, 18th Field Artillery, American Expeditionary Forces, felt himself rather chagrined, when after his first battle he had to write his

sister that his "only severe loss was the seat of his trousers, in sliding down hill"!

October 18, 1918.

"Talk about mud," writes he; this is the stickiest I ever did see... Our guns keep sinking down in it until we have to build platforms under them. Then every time we fire, the trail ploughs up about an acre. Even the shells that Fritzie throws in here half the time bury themselves in the mud without striking anything with enough resistance to set off the fire.... As a rule the war is very tame back in the artillery positions. Sometimes we get a little goo, and sometimes they pick a target and shell it... I have seen lots of Germans when they were coming back under guard. But I have never yet got a close-up view of the fighting brand, although we have been in the thick of it for over three months... About three weeks ago I watched our shells land around one of their wagon trains about four miles away and the other day I could have seen them if it had not been for the mist. But otherwise I have never seen any of the real fighting, and there are very few in the outfit who have... We have been in this position about five days now and it has been raining ever since we arrived. Pete and I dug us a little cubby-hole about 21/2 feet deep and just long and wide enough to crawl in. We made our fatal mistake the first night, that was, we stretched a shelter half over our hole and pegged it down. Of course it rained, and the shelter caught nearly all the water that fell on it, but along about two in the morning it had all it could support, so the peg on one side quietly slipped out, and we had our first bath since the last of August. . . We bailed out our hole, scraped out the mud, and built a fire in it, and have had a fire every day. There is a German observation balloon peeping over the hill at us while ours behind are returning the compliment, and for the first time in days we can hear our aviators going over to scout for German positions. I lead a lazy man's existence up here at the front. Generally I go forward ahead of the guns to a new position; after it is located and the guns up, I lay the battery on the base point, then nothing to do until we move again. Here I spent one cold day and wet

night in our observation post but it was so foggy we could not see anything... Bumming meals is a favorite occupation here... Every time I see a kitchen with something good to

eat, a hard luck story rises spontaneously to my lips.

I would suggest candy if they still make it over there. Yesterday I paid a little less than a nickel for a piece of candy I wouldn't have looked at in the States... The Y. M. C. A. sells chocolate bars for fifteen cents but limits every man to one bar, and that is the only candy we get, and most of the time, being broke, we don't get that. It is rare we get any reading material here. If you send any, nix on wild adventures, I do not care for bloodthirsty tales. I don't think it

will be long until we are all back home. . .

Moving is one of the joys of being a soldier. We get out and hike for about fifteen or twenty minutes at nearly a run, and then something blocks the head of the column and we halt for an hour or so. We reached our echelon about twelve at night, and just as Pete and I were ready to crawl under our blanket we got orders to move forward with our guns! Gee, that's a fine feeling, along about twelve-thirty... Then for once we stepped into some real fighting. At ten-thirty they woke me up and said we were being shelled, to take to the trenches. At twelve the most infernal racket . . . every machine gun, rifle and air craft gun was going at top speed. There were five Boche airplanes over the line, sailing low. I saw four of them come down before I went back to sleep. And that is a sample of our program now day and night... Just now the Fritzies landed a shell about a hundred yards from our trench... You ought to have seen the scramble for the trench. There came another, closer still. I have just moved my seat to a more protected spot. It's getting too cold and dark to write more. Good-bye. With love to all,

JACK, Knight of Columbus.

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One of the young heroes of the War who is also close to the hearts in Brown County, is a lad they have never seen— Michael Roche of Newark, New Jersey, who is grand nephew to Sister Mary Joseph Moran. Old pupils, long absent from the Convent, will place her as younger sister to Sister De Sales, who used so often to give hospitality to little groups of girls on a hot afternoon down in the deep, cool, clean dairy. Michael Roche's letters to Brown County display in him the very cream of the American spirit that went "over the top"—a spirit in this case backed up by a goodly share of Ireland—God bless him!

Camp McClellan, Anniston, Alabama, January 13, 1918.

My dear loving Aunt:

Just a few lines... It is still good and cold down here and we had a big storm of snow, and it threw all of our tents over, and we had to stay outdoors all the night and it snowed for five days and six nights and it hailed also and we have to work hard to keep warm so I guess you must know it is on sleeping out in the cold nights. I have received a letter from my mother and she said she was well and I was glad to hear that.... Good-bye to my dear loving Auntie...

### March 10th.

I was to Confession Saturday night and I had Holy Communion Sunday morning, so I don't think I am so bad. I was down on the rifle range all this week and I am not sorry that the last day of the week is here. So I will have to go down Monday morning again. So now you can see we are trying hard to go over to lick the Kaiser and I don't think it will take us long to do it. . We have a good pastor down here in camp, he is with the Knights of Columbus and he has all the boys in good shape, we have more fun with him. His name is Rev. Galagher and he likes us all, so you can see I am doing what's right. Well Auntie, it is getting warmer down here and if I am down here till the cotton blooms I will send you some that I picked. And may God bless you all.

MICHAEL ROCHE, Co. A., 113th Infantry.

May 24th.

I was very glad to hear from you... I will be out of this place by the time this letter gets to you, but I will send you a line as soon as I get over there... Well, I haven't got the time to say more... Don't answer this letter because I won't get it...

Your loving nephew.

Camp Stuart, Newport News, June 10th.

Well, Auntie, I am glad I am out of Alabama at last but I am sorry I can't get home to see my folks before I go away. I am going down to the docks tomorrow morning to get ready to go over, but I will do all I can to beat them Huns and to make the world a decent place to live in, so when I get over I will send you a line. I will never forget you. We all thought we were going up to Jersey, but we got fooled after all. After three days riding we landed in this place. I am over three hundred fifty miles from Newark and I can't get home because we don't know how long we will be here. Well, I have to do some work so I will make this letter short.

Good-bye,
Michael Roche.

113th Infantry, Somewhere in France, July 11, 1918.

My dear Aunt:

Just a few lines to tell you I am in the best of health and I also wish to hear the same from you... Well, France is a pretty good place after all. The people over here treat us boys fine, we can get most everything we need. So we haven't no kick coming, we are getting better treated than ever. But I sleep in a little billet over here and the rats come out at nights and have their fun with us but when it is time to sleep the leader says Wee-Wee and they all go off so a fellow can't feel blue; well, that is I can't feel homesick because I been

in too long. But we have some new boys in our company and when they see the rats come out they near die. But we check them up. So we have our fun all the time. Well, Aunt, the Huns will be sorry they ever saw us when we get at them. Well, I am going to get them all they are looking for when they meet the 113th Infantry "going over the top". It is a long time before we get mail over here, like it takes a long time to come over. But I am feeling better than ever and we have no kick coming. And when you send a letter to my mother let her know that I dropped you a line. Good-bye.

Your nephew.

Somewhere in France, July 31, 1918.

about, the Huns are getting beaten up so bad that they won't know what is the matter. The Americans sure are fighting and taking everything over here and they got the Huns on the run and they haven't time to think. There is a place over here once called No Man's Land but now they call it the Americans', so things are going along. I am just being a little wilder every day, and I got the feeling that I can lick five of them at a time and I will do it before we get through over here. Hoping to hear from you and wishing you the best of luck, Your loving nephew.

Somewhere in France, September 10, 1918.

I was more than glad to hear from you... Things are going all right over here. I had already done my second turn in the trenches with the rats, every place I go the rats seem bigger. But they are good company, they only come around at night and that's enough and outside of that we haven't a thing to worry about. But the Huns are getting beat bad every day. They would send their big shells over on us, but when our guns got going they soon stopped, we put them out for some time. Gee, but it's nice to be out in No Man's Land nights when the shells are flying over our heads, they play a nice tune, but the boys don't mind that, they do most everything

in the world as long as they can get a crack at the Huns. They are falling back and they can't help theirselves, they haven't got time to look where they are going... Well, Auntie, I had a letter from Mother and everything is all right at home, baby is well, and also my brother Jimmie is getting along all right, so I guess they are all well at home... I guess I will close now, hoping to hear from you soon. Good-bye,

Your loving nephew,

CORPORAL MICHAEL ROCHE,

Co. A, 113th Infantry.

On October 29th there came a letter from this brave boy's mother:

"I heard from Michael. He is in the Base Hospital, gassed... Bad luck to the Germans night and day".

Bridget Roche.

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In the morning paper Newark, New Jersey, occurred this item:

## RECOVERING FROM WOUNDS

Sergeant Michael J. Roche... this city... is in a base hospital in France recovering from wounds received in action on Oct. 12th. In a letter dated Oct. 15th he stated that he was not seriously wounded and expected to be back with his company in the near future. He enlisted in the old First Regiment in May, 1917. He was born in Harrison and attended Holy Cross School there. Previous to enlisting he worked as a spinner. His name appears on today's casualty list.

November 28th, Somewhere in France.

Just a few lines to tell you that I am in the best of health and getting along fine; I am out of the hospital about two weeks now and I am looking fine... hoping to be home soon and I sure will...

CORPORAL M. ROCHE.

Newark, N. J., December 22, 1918.

"Well, I have good news for you. I heard from my darling boy, and he is going to be home soon with the help of God. I had the first good laugh..."

BRIDGET ROCHE.

2

Sister Perpetua's Community at Arras, in France, sustained the full brunt of the siege, and their letters, though severely censored, are full of thrilling detail... Two, from Sisters in one of their branch houses in the occupied territory, show what their existence has been. The nuns had their convent full of English, French and Scotch wounded all the time.

Berck Plage, November 1, 1918.

Dear Sister Perpetua:

Yesterday I received a few words from you without any date. Your health is not good—I am sorry for that. Do not be discouraged. Suffering is a gift of God's special friendship. By the time you receive this, you will doubtless have received news of your sister (who was left at the mercy of the Germans). The Germans have abandoned Lille. The Allies are driving them back everywhere. Pray more than ever that the best interests of France may be understood by our governments and respected in the peace terms. Since the deliverance of Lille three telegrams, coming from three different directions, have informed my sister-in-law that her son, Jean, was at Lille at his uncle's house. It is a sort of miracle which we may devoutly wish confirmed. The first telegram was from a doctor from Armentières who had taken refuge at Aire. But who could have told him? Alas! if it is a mistake, it will be cruel for the poor parents. The letters to Jean are still unanswered. Here is an incident showing the atrocities of our enemy: A German officer was lodging at Seclin in the house of Dr. Couvreur;—the officer departed from Seclin. The maid was afterwards cleaning his room. Little Suzanne Couvreur followed her into the room. She noticed on the table a glass pencil case and amused herself examining it. Suddenly there was an explosion and four fingers of her left hand were blown off. You may imagine the feelings of the parents!...The Germans have thrown down into our towns from their avions, candies that were poisoned, and toys that have mutilated those who picked them up. They have sown death behind them everywhere...Offer my respects to your Reverend Mother, and my respectful regards to all your Sisters.

À Dieu!

SOEUR ST. AGATHE.

Berck Plage, 12 Aout, 1917.

My dear Sister:

... I was in the occupied territory last year—a sad Jubilee for me! ... Oh dear Sister, our prayers have been heard, for I can testify, we were visibly protected by Him. We suffered, suffered greatly from the invasion. From the first of October, 1914, until 14 April, 1917, we had them (German soldiers) in our house, except one week that they left us alone. So all the rooms were theirs, the kitchen, the living rooms, the parlors. Oh, we had them, and in every sort of condition. Some not so bad, some worse, some rough, but all arrogant; overriding us, spreading themselves out and making themselves at home in our house, till we were nowhere, until finally, they actually put us out of doors, which came to pass on Good Friday, eight days before the total evacuation of the village. M. le Curé offered us the large room in the presbytery; for me, the mayor gave me a room in his house. After the retaking by the Allies of the Plateau de Vimy, a German General came and installed himself in the Mayor's chateau with his staff. At once he transformed our chapel into an office. Good Friday was spent in stripping the Convent chapel and carrying the things to the presbytery. But let me tell you that we kept the Blessed Sacrament until the very last moment. They had left us the chapel all along, and the little room next to it which we used to call the sacristy, and where we had our bed, Mme. Vasseur and I; Mme. Doret was the watch dog at night, occupying a tiny corner near the door of the vestibule... These Messieurs spread themselves out in the beautiful apartments which they have left in such a state! dirty, drenched with bad odors, ... curtains and hangings torn, ... couches, chairs, ornaments broken, the best things stolen, carried off by this general, as also the beds, the linens, etc... Our property is ruined. We had permission to take only what we could carry away in our hands. So we tried to save the silver, the sacred vessels, all things essential. Eight days after this another move. This time from the village itself, and everybody! 476 people round What a scene, my Sister! I must tell you that we were not fed at the expense of the Germans either; it was an American Commission that furnished us: coffee, sugar, rice, lard, flour, and generously too, sufficient quantity. Mme. Doret managed so well that we never were hungry and we were not sick. Sr. Benedict Joseph raised some rabbits in the cellar; the little plot cultivated by her furnished good vegetables. But there was no butter, no milk, no eggs, no oil for the preparation of the vegetables—(good school this, of war!) We traveled in cattle wagons to Roubaix—24 hours—over the worst conditions, so that I was sick when I arrived there. After four weeks' waiting, we took the train to the interior, by way of Switzerland and central France; another stop of a week at Cahors... Finally, May 31st we reached Berck. had taken only a little valise full of clothes. At Tourcoing we picked up Marie Pauchet who was so glad to go with us, for the north is so forlorn. Lille, Roubain, Tourcoing, are some of the towns maltreated by the Boches, pillaged, burned, ruined; they take there the young girls and the young men, it is appalling; the young girls are put to ploughing the fields in the Ardennes or elsewhere in the military camps; the boys labor in the trenches; they force them; they make them mine the French villages, which they foresee they will have to give up. You may believe the cruelties you read about. Personally we have not witnessed their atrocities, but these are real. . . As religious, they did not treat us with disrespect, but our house witnessed their orgies!!! what nights we passed! drinking, profanity, heard their songs, saw them with the women they introduced into our household until morning. We did not go to bed, any of us. And with all that, the cannon ... such a roar as you can have no idea of. At night we saw the line of fire from Bapaume. Arras, Lens, as far as Bassée.

Pray hard for our dear country.

I have given you just a glimpse into our situation, you can easily imagine the plight in which we were: close to the Front, invaded by a wicked enemy, overrun with officers, soldiers in the out-buildings, caissons and wagons in the yard, munitions of war in the areas; and then in the house, there we were, ... deprived of all news, not only of our families, but of France itself, constantly threatened with prison, or with being shot; oh, it was a hard existence! Offer my respects to all the community... Happy Feast of the Assumption!... Our Mothers and Sisters embrace you...

SISTER MARIE FLOR.

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Sister Perpetua has innumerable friends and relatives distressed by the war. Her mother, Madame Bertaux, who is nearly seventy years old, was exiled from her native village, Sailly la Bourse, between Béthune and La Bassée, and is still réfugiée in the south of France at Borne. Two married sons are in the service, their families likewise exiled, and a married daughter with three children has not been heard of since the Germans took their home town, Henin-Lietard, Pas de Calais, near Arras. Efforts have been made through the Red Cross to trace them, but all in vain. The following letters from Madame Bertaux speak for themselves:

Sailly la Bourse, April 9, 1915.

My very dear Daughter:

I am answering your letter which arrived the seventh, a day that was a bad one for us, and for everyone brought sad things. They sent 28 marmites (intended) for the mine ten minutes from here. They passed over our house with a terrible noise. I had begun my washing. I had kept Henri to

help me. But I could not work, I was crying, and the Lieutenant, to keep me from crying said, "Come see, Madame, this one now, it is red, no, it is more blue, or no, it isn't either, it is violet!" and he laughed with my little one who was counting them. I was going outdoors, and there, there came another. I do not know if I even took four steps, it was ten steps to cover. Monsieur burst out laughing and said to Henri, "I thought that Madame did not know how to run any more; but I could not have kept up with her." That marmite, after killing an office boy and another civilian at the mine, there came a burst that made a hole in the roof of my washhouse and it split part of the stairway where a little baby was sleeping, and did not do anything to the child, only the mother began screaming when she saw all that dust in the room, and I tell you what, that Monsieur did not laugh any more! They say there have been several killed, so see, my dear child, ... and when the shells stopped coming I went on with my wash, and each time that that Lieutenant leaves for the trenches, he pays me, and says, "Adieu, Madame, here I go down to Hell, hoping to come back and see you in four days." There are so many who never come back! Henri (her son) has written me that I can go and stay with them. You may be sure, my dear daughter, that I shall not go out of my house like I have done, at least not until they say the enemy is there, and then I shall go wherever I can. I wish they would let us alone with their marmites, that would be much better... You will perhaps say how is it that the marmite should have chosen my house instead of any other, but mine is not the first, there are plenty others. I must close as the postman will be gone. Do not grieve over the war. Let us pray for each other and for our dear absent ones. I embrace you a thousand times. Your mother who loves you,

MADAME BERTAUX.

Sailly la Bourse, 24 Mai, 1915.

My very dear Daughter:

Today in which I am writing, I was going to get some flowers at Monsieur the Mayor's, and resting in the garden, Madame asked me to come in; five minutes I had been seated

when there was a bomb that fell in the street by our old house; it made such a noise that I thought all the doors were tumbling down and if I had not gone into the house-! the fragments were raining along the way that I would have gone, and I would have been hurt. I thank the good God for having preserved me that I may pray to Him a little longer... If only my children could get back unharmed we would be thankful to the good God!... You tell me to take care of my soldiers... they are all gone, no one knows where. The Lieutenant had the sciatica, they sent him to a hospital at Noeux, and he did not want to go, it was the third time he went away. He has just written to me. He likes Simone also, he sent him a big kiss and said that he would come back to see me. Now Monsieur the Mayor has given me two English, they are interpreters, they know French, English and German. They are very respectful. I lodge them and feed them and they pay me, but it is a great deal of work for me, but I did not like to refuse Monsieur the Mayor. I thought in having the English that I was going to learn their language, but no, not a word, yes, I made them sometimes speak German but it is worse than English. Among the lot of them there are some that are drinkers, and bad, but mine are good people... It is some time since I have had news of Henri. I was at the Mass of the English and there was an English priest, it does not suit me to hear him preach, I like ours better. There was a Captain serving the Mass, he was 2 metres 12 high when he was kneeling at the altar, you would have thought he was standing up. Now, my dear daughter, tell me if your health is better. Au revoir, my dear child, my English are gone to bed and I am going, too. Little Henri has been asleep an hour. Your mother who loves you.

My flowers are pretty as usual and my vegetables also.

MADAME BERTAUX.

Sailly la Bourse, 12 June, 1916.

... Since New Year's I have not had a letter from Henri (her son). I often see the children... even when times are bad, for if they want bread or some milk they have to go out

and get it, because the bakers are all gone and they are still staying there. Leon would like to go but she would not. Here it is a year that they have been sleeping in the cellars. The 8th of June, feast of St. Medard, it rained a great deal and thundered, and the 9th again, the 10th and 11th still the storm and rain, but that does not prevent my having a beautiful garden. Today is Pentecost, day of Solemn Communion, spite of the rain. It stopped about the hour of Mass. That pleased these dear children. Little Léon made his Confirmation but he did not know if they would make their Communions at their place... I made some little patties today for my dinner and had some potatoes big as eggs. I have already picked some leeks, but the English in my absence climb the wall and come in to eat my gooseberries. They are horrid. They say to those who see them do it, "Very good! Very good!" .... About the thread, I have a little, it is of poorer quality than it was ... I sit down more than I stand, for my legs are older than my arms. I take care of my flowers. I have beautiful roses. I have only one little salvia, but plenty of other flowers . . .

Sailly la Bourse, 18 September, 1917.

My very dear Daughter:

... I saw Henri Dubois. He told me that there are some Americans at Béthune, not many—perhaps he was mistaken. He said their costume was something like the English, a little paler and the ... a little bit higher ... if only I could go help my unfortunate children ... this war is so sad ...

Sailly, November 3, 1917.

I am going to make you laugh now... I am going to tell you that Monsieur le Mayor had some of the English haul some manure into his pasture next to my hedge of my garden, so I asked them to give me some as I needed some. They answered "No! My, no! No permission!" Just then Monsieur le Mayor's mother rapped at the window to call me in, so as her son was there I asked him if he would not let me take a

little manure for my garden here. "Oh take it," he said and as I would have had a hard time getting it over the hedge with a bucket, behold there comes a big Monsieur Englishman and he said, "Plenty work for you, Madame, no good... My carriage!..." and he brought me a wagon of manure. I wanted to give him a franc, but he said, "Thank you, give it to my camarades..." When they saw the 20 sous,..." Again tomorrow, Madame!"... and I gave them each time a tip. I shall have manure for two years and none of the trouble of going to get it...

But the lightheartedness was to be changed into tragedy. A few months saw her dear home in the hands of the enemy, its mistress toiling along the weary way of France's exiles.

Anvin, April 14, 1918.

I am writing you these few words to say that I am on my way, ... (into exile). I suffer from it... and I think I have to leave now for another direction, perhaps towards Rouen. As soon as I get there I will write you, and I will see that your letters reach me... What do you think of all this, my dear child?... What do you think of your mother being here?... Well, we must submit to the holy will of the good God... I know well that you will not forget me...

Borne, 22 April, 1918.

My very dear Daughter:

Today I must tell you that I have evacuated from Sailly la Bourse, and am many leagues from home, and not a single one of my children is with me, I am with actual strangers. They took me out of kindness, they know Maria. They are from Fauquières les Sens and they met her on the road from Henin-Lietard. I left for Verguigneul the first of April and we stayed there fifteen days. We took there some linen and a stove and a little cupboard and most of it stayed there. I took two full cases and a mattress and three blankets, and left at home all the furniture and two beds well furnished and

a pillow at Verguigneul three blankets and a feather pillow— I wonder what will become of them. We arrived after eight days' traveling in cattle trains; we slept on the bottom without straw, with our bundles for pillows. Would you ever have believed that your mother would be in such a position, your mother who has so desired to have her children. I have had no news of them since 19 December . . . but people are good to me. Yesterday I had a headache, I could not eat. They went and got milk for me to drink hot . . . We are in a village of 300. It is the richest that are the least generous. had to give us a house, it is very fine, we have four fine rooms but no coal and no work for us. Some good people have given us beds and some pillows, some shavings of wood-four beds and we are thirteen people! three families and we live all together. I get the meals, the others go gather brushwood in the woods to make the fire. The children went to ask if they would not lend us a saucepan or kettle or a tub to wash, and we tried not to spend anything, and in a few days we received the évacuées (money), 30 sous for the grownups, and 20 sous for the little ones. Everything sells very high . . . I cannot tell you how many departments we passed through on our way, and afterwards nothing but mountains and woods. At some of the stations they gave us things to eat, but at Vierzon they threw us a piece of dry bread for our journey. I have often given four times as much to my dog for his supper... What tears we shed . . . I offer my sufferings to the good God that He may spare me to see all my dear children ... Tell Mother Superior and Mrs. Freschard that I think of them.

We have a large garden where I can distract myself . . . I

have already planted some strawberries . . .

MADAME BERTAUX, Réfugiee at Borne, Haute Loire.

Borne, 21 May, 1918.

My very dear Daughter:

I cannot but write though I have received nothing since the 24 February. Imagine my child what I shall be like when you see me again, my hair is almost entirely white, but

that is nothing, for I am not bad off with these people, they are all from my own street and we are thirteen in all, three little families, and we understand each other very well. I teach the little ones to pray and teach them the little songs you used to sing at school. I knit and sew while the young women go out to the woods to gather brushwood for the fire for there is no coal. I have already told you we have a nice house and garden full of fruit trees and our vegetables are already up in the month since we came here. We have beds, a kitchen, the Prefect sent us sheets and covers, God protects us...my child, for there are no other réfugées as well off as we, and everyone that comes to see us says so, ... Monsieur le Curé brought us three crucifixes, one for each room, because I told him that I brought a little one and it was lost on the way,-for I could not carry a thing, it was the others that carried my bundles besides their own. We have here a Secretary at the Mayor's, a nice young lady, she is very good to me... They gave me some cakes of chocolate, saying, "It is for you"... She comes to see us and wants me to come to see her sometimes. I am going to give you news of my children, Julia and Simone... and they tell me that if I am not content here that I can go where they are during the war, but I am all right. We keep house as we like. Sailly la Bourse is untenable. My houses are full of English. There will be nothing left for my old age. I have written lately to the Minister of the Interior to try to get news of Maria . . . (her daughter).

Borne, 9 October, 1918.

I am writing to tell you that we have made a demand to return to the Haute Loire seeing they are making advances everywhere, but if they grant it, in what a state are we going to find our houses, no doors, no windows, no furniture, no more sleeping in the beds, but anyhow they all want to return home if we have the happiness of getting there safe and sound and of staying there as best we can, we can get along about as well as before. But I can never sew as I did, for the tears have dimmed my eyes and my sight is failing. It will come back again some day when I have the happiness of seeing my

children whom I still weep about.. The demand left today for the Prefect and he left for Puy an hour after he received it, but I think he transmits it to the Prefect du Pas de Calais, and if he agrees to let us return will transmit it to the Mayor of Borne. I shall be glad to go, but shall keep in remembrance the people of Borne.

Borne, 16 November, 1918.

My very dear Child:

I received your letter today but I was not expecting such a surprise... Think, my dear daughter, what was my joy when I found that the money had been found, for I was saying to myself was not the letter sunk with all those ships that have rolled so long at the bottom of the sea. I thank the Divine Providence for having put it in your possession and once more I thank with all my heart your Chaplain and Mrs. Sullivan, Mother Superior and Mrs. Freschard, and Mother Assistant, who also devoted herself to arranging the correspondence so that none of it should be lost. And the two bills, what a pleasure they have given me. I said to myself immediately how I would buy myself some shoes, for, if you only knew how I suffer from my feet. My shoes are too small and I have a sore foot that makes me suffer much. As Mlle. Pouille just passed here on her way to St. Paulien, I gave her my two bills to have them exchanged; I understand each bill is five dollars . . . If you only knew how your brother Léon has been devoted to me, he who could not decide to write you. Since my coming to Borne he writes me every week to console me, and then he watches over my house and he is going to straighten it up while waiting for me to return and it is not easy to get back. You have to submit to what the Prefect tells you but Léon has been to the Sub-Prefecture of Béthune to get a safe-conduct to help me, and Henri, whom he wants me to pick up as I pass through Paris and take to Noisy for a few days but I would be quite at sea if I separated myself from the others for I dare not travel alone . . . Be always my interpreter towards my benefactors, for here we have never had a single thing paid us, I do not know why,..one time each one got 20 francs.... Receive, dear child, the kisses of your mother who loves you.

MADAME BERTAUX.

The spirit of gayety in this charming little old lady bubbled out into a bit of masquerade after she knew the war was over and home was at least somewhere on the horizon of the possible. She had her picture taken to surprise Sr. Perpetua, and sent it under separate cover to Mother Superior. She borrowed a dress from a neighbor in Borne to see if her daughter would recognize her. This is her letter to precede the picture:

Borne, 26 November, 1918.

My very dear Daughter;

As I had the chance that a lady from Borne was going to the United States I begged her if she could to go and make your acquaintance and to tell you about me. I suspect you will not know her, but as she is going there for your mother, I think you will receive her well and will show her some kindness after such a long voyage; she deserves it. I am too old to do such a thing, nevertheless I would try to do it if possible. Today the boats are a little safer. If I only had news of my dear child Maria and her family, if they are living. Your brother Henri has written everywhere trying to find them, and sent addresses to the Bureau of Réfugiées . . . Léon writes very often and does everything possible for me to get back, but our papers do not get on fast and Henri wants me to stay longer and I must go with the rest and that troubles me . . . and I thank all my benefactors without forgetting Mme. Freschard. Thy mother who loves thee . . .

MADAME BERTAUX.

# Alumnae Letters

At the Alumnae Officers' Meeting in August, 1918, it was reported that a new Year Book was very much in demand. As no one could think much about anything but the War, it was decided vaguely to make the Book a War Work number. Later, it seemed appropriate to use the Book as a sort of herald for the Diamond Jubilee of Brown County Convent, which occurs in 1920 and will be celebrated at the Alumnae Meeting in June of that year. So, in September the following letter was sent out to all members and many other former pupils, and since then the Book has gradually shaped itself.

## School of the Brown County Ursulines, Saint Martin, Ohio

Jesus' Heart!

Dear Helen or Kate or Polly or Sophia:

The Officers of our Alumnae have decided to make the coming Year Book a War Work number. If each member will write us a little letter, giving some account of what she has been doing for the success of the war, the Book can be made an attractive and inspiring record for future generations. We wish to show our Brown County women second to none in patriotism. Please send us a few lines.

Affectionately,

Sister Monica, Acting Vice-President Alumnae.

Do you belong to any organization for War Work? Have you any special charge? How many under you? Please tell of knitting and sewing done. Have you relatives in the Army, Navy, or other Government service? Are you interested in the fine economy to which our country has risen in this crisis? Or in Thrift Stamps or Liberty Bonds? Or in clothes for the sufferers? Kindly enclose postage.

# Mrs. Katherine Denver Williams, Pres. Class of 1880, E. de M. (Enfant de Marie)

The members of the Alumnae Association may well look to their President as having been their champion and leader in working for the success of our soldiers in this war; wherever the call for help arose, there was Mrs. Katherine Denver Williams. Everybody knew it. When asked for her account of War Work she seemed to find nothing to say, although she had highly commended the idea of asking other people. However, the list of positions she occupies at present will give some idea of her substantial and far-reaching achievements:

Chairman, Woman's Liberty Loan for Clinton Co., O.

President Red Cross, Clinton Co., O.

President, Catholic Auxiliary, St. Columkill's Church, Wilmington, O.

Chairman, Civic League, Wilmington, O. Chairman, Council of National Defense.

Vice-Chairman, Welfare Association, Wilmington, O. President, Alumnae Association, Ursulines of Brown

County.

State Vice-Governor, International Federation Convent

Mrs. Williams was the first President of the Alumnae organized in 1910, and has been re-elected by acclaim. Her spirit has carried the organization to success. As some one has well said of her, "she is a woman of steadfast practical faith, gifted with talents for organization and administration; a woman of large heart, most attractive personality, well stored mind and noble character, the type of woman who looks about her wherever she is and says: "This is my field of action, let us use the tools we find at hand, and use them now.""

The sympathies of the Brown County Community and of all the Alumnae are with her in her recent sorrow, the loss of her young and only daughter, Louise Denver Williams, who was graduated at the Convent in June, 1913;—"et rôse, elle a vécu comme vivent les rôses, l'espâce d'un matin!" The child so full of promise, so ready for life,—ready with all that such a mother could give,—such an Alma Mater could give,—died

on the night following the anniversary of her being made Child of Mary, Dec. 8th,—Our Lady's White day!—she has opened to full flower, not in this chill existence, but in the warmth of eternal life.

Second on the roll for War Work, naturally comes the Alumnae Treasurer, Mrs. Florence Maginnis Lynn, who has lately been photographed with the insignia of office in her hands,—a huge pair of shears. In her War Work letter there is small evidence of sentiment, or feather pruning, but the cat was let out of the bag when her pastor said of her: "I never saw such loyalty and affection given a leader as the ladies of

the parish have given her".

To appreciate Mrs. Lynn's work rightly, one would have to know what it is to work in a Catholic parish that is surrounded by hostile religious feeling and is in itself largely made up of that plain solid brawn of Catholicity, people of modest means, whose determined spirit has shown itself in our American boys of Army and Navy, more than forty per cent of whom certainly and more than fifty per cent probably, have been Catholics. What Mrs. Lynn did was to band these women together in the common cause, enlist the pure gold of their patriotism, inspire in them the self-confidence that ofttimes fails them in face of social distinctions, and set them upon their feet in such a way that public opinion was obliged to recognize their branch of Red Cross work as not only equal to the others, but the very best in the town. They never ignored a plea for help and they never had an article sent back.

Moreover, the most of them gave from slender purses already depleted by a hundred outside demands besides those of the mere business of living. To reassure such people of their own true worth and co-operative resource, and to set them in their proper light before the public, is in itself, a patriotic work worthy of a Convent graduate.

Mrs. Lynn did still more for the children. She demanded and got for the two parish schools which were about to be ignored, a place of honor in the Red Cross civic parade. At two days' notice she secured for them the necessary drilling which the Public Schools had been undergoing for more than a week, she provided for them the headdresses, flags and insignia, and placed them in the ranks with such spirit and effect that the out-of-town judges on the reviewing stand pronounced the Catholic children of the Parish Schools the best unit in the parade.

Her letter runs thus:

Zanesville, Ohio, October, 1918.

Dear Sister:

We organized the middle of July, 1917, under title of Catholic Woman's War Relief Ass'n. We were the first Church Unit in the county of the Red Cross, and during the year ending July, 1918, we made 396 sewed garments and 22 knitted garments . . . In the parade preceding the Red Cross Drive we had one of the largest and best drilled sections, and were followed by our High School and 8th Grade girls, representing a service flag....We donated \$25 in cash. When the call for hospital bed linen came, we furnished \$36 worth, made and ready for use. When the call for property bags was made, we sent 4 dozen, said to be the prettiest and best made lot that came in. We have just given, unsolicited, \$25 to the United War Work Campaign. When we organized we affiliated with the Columbus C. W. W. R. A.—were indeed their first Unit, and their only out-of-town unit. They sent us some work and we made for them 96 pieces of children's clothing. adopted French Relief work as our specialty, we bought material, cut—(she herself cut them all)—and made 641 garments, ranging from 4 years to 12, sent through Columbus to the Comite Français-Americain, 680 Fifth Ave., New York. the Chaplains' Aid Society of New York we sent 133 knitted garments made from our own yarn. Our total of all articles made during the year was 1681. September 1st the Comite in New York sent us 236 cut garments and they are now made and ready to be returned. We expect to continue the work during the winter. We are now sewing three days each week, from 1:00 P. M. until 4:30. One lady takes charge of the Wednesdays, another of the Thursdays, another of Fridays,

and they are changed every month. We meet the first Sunday evening of the month to hear reports and to pay dues—ten cents (!)

With ever so much love to all the nuns,

Affectionately, FLORENCE MAGINNIS LYNN, E. DE M.

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Mrs. Mary Porteous Snead-Cox, E. de M., '89, of Broxwood Court, Herefordshire, England,

Gave three gold stars to the cause,

in her three young sons who fell fighting with the British forces.

Richard, aged 21, Lieutenant Scotch Highlanders, Battle of Flanders, October, 1914.

Geoffrey, aged 19, Lieutenant, Royal Guard, eight days

later.

Herbert, aged 16, Midshipman on Battleship Indefatigable, went down in the Jutland fight, February, 1915.

The heart of Alma Mater throbs with this bereaved daughter in her grief and triumph.

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The name Rosecrans is an old household word in Brown County. It was the General's brother, Bishop Rosecrans, first Bishop of Columbus, who wrote the famous verses about Solomon's Run one Spring morning, when the rains had swollen the streams:

Soloman's Run is roaring high,

The Run that used to run so dry,
You ne'er would have thought it more than I

That Solomon's Run could run so high.

General Rosecrans' three daughters were Brown County girls: Mary, on the Child of Mary list for 1867, became Sister St. Charles, and now sleeps among the sanctities, as one of them, in the Convent graveyard. Annie is Enfant de Marie in

1876, and she afterwards went on the Santa Rosa mission as Sister Kostka: the letter below is from Mrs. Lillie Rosecrans Toole, wife of the well-known Ex-Governor of Montana. Her brother, Mr. Frederic Rosecrans, the youngest son, lives in California in a lovely ranch-home that would remind one of Helen Hunt Jackson and Ramona, and in which the General spent his declining years.

Among the relics of former times of Brown County there still exists a bright little play in manuscript, in the handwriting of Gen. Rosecrans' son, Father Louis Rosecrans, who used to be a popular guest there. He was a Paulist, ordained in class with the revered Father Elliot, now Superior of the Paulists in

Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Toole's sons, true to their ancestry, are among the heroes of the present war, as their mother's interesting letter

sets forth.

Helena, Montana, December 15, 1918.

Dear Sister:

Your letter after it had been forwarded from several places reached me here.... I would be glad if I could furnish anything that would be of service in the forthcoming Year Book. I was elected Chairman of the Helena Red Cross Chapter, Lewis and Clarke Co., while I was in California the Spring of 1917 and when I arrived home weeks later everything was organized and work already in progress. As I had to go away again in a few months, I resigned, so I cannot claim for Brown County or myself the credit for the great amount of work done by our women... Later, our chapter supplied a monthly quota of garments, surgical dressings, knitted articles and socks, equal to what was sent in by cities two or three times the size of Helena. I should like to claim the credit of this, but cannot. I feel I have done something, however, in giving two sons to the army. Both are lieutenants. One has been overseas since July and the other was to have sailed, but for the Armistice, early in November. My son, 1st Lieut. Joseph P. Toole, was in the big battle which began September 26th, and he was severely wounded on the 28th. His superior officer having been either killed or wounded, he had at one time to take command and his escape from death was wonderful, due no doubt to prayer. Once he was knocked unconscious by the terrific concussion from the German machine gun fire, and when he came to, he found himself buried under a pile of dead. He was also between cross-fire between Germans and Americans so he crawled into a shell hole and early in the morning found his way back to the American lines. The following day he was wounded about two o'clock in the afternoon and he lay on the battlefield in water, with the rain beating down upon him, till the next day, when he was picked up by Red Cross workers, who he says, follow the soldiers right to the front, and do for them at the risk of their lives. My son recovered entirely and returned to the front. He is with the 91st Division, which if newspapers are to be relied upon, was with the King and Queen of Belgium when they made their triumphant entry, recently, into Brussels.

Affectionately,

LILLY ROSECRANS TOOLE, E. DE M. Class of 1872.

Los Angeles, October 16, 1918.

To the Alumnae of the Ursulines of Brown County:

Dear Friends:

On account of our location on this Western Coast we have many departments of Red Cross Work which have gradually developed. Being on the original Executive Committee I realized the necessity of branches of the work. One of which suggested has been most successful of its kind: the Brownson Settlement Weekly Sale to the foreign poor population. At the General Headquarters I assist at a Sale of a varied collection of articles contributed by the public. The work, however, which interests me most is the "Enlisted Men's Canteen", where we daily serve an excellent home cooked luncheon and dinner, also providing all the comforts and amusements needed for a lonely soldier or sailor, who are most appreciative of our efforts. They come from Fort McArthur, Naval Base at San Pedro, Balloon Headquarters at Arcadia, and the Aviation

Field at Riverside, not forgetting the large Cantonment at

Camp Kearney.

The women to be eligible for Service must be past thirty and not too good looking, even in the prescribed uniform of a blue and white dress and cap. These requirements make me quite a useful member. We often serve a thousand men at one dinner. I regret that the knitting and purling cannot be recorded to my credit. This is offset by my interest in the Salvage Department, which originated in Los Angeles, also in my feeble effort to go over the Top in the Liberty Bond Sale.

It takes courage and loyalty to the Alumnae to forward this simple account of my insignificant part in the magnificent patriotic work being done by the Women of America. Trusting I may have the gratification of reading what will be compiled, indicating the big things accomplished by many members of Brown County Alumnae.

Always an interested member,

MARIE ROSE MULLEN, E. DE M.,

State Vice-President for California.



Who shall find a valiant woman? . . . The heart of her husband trusteth in her, and he shall have no need of spoils . . . She hath put out her hand to strong things, and her fingers have taken hold of the spindle. She hath opened her hand to the needy, and stretched out her hands to the poor . . .

Strength and beauty are her clothing; and she shall

laugh in the latter day.

She hath looked well to the paths of her house...Her children rose up, and called her blessed; her husband, and he praised her.

And let her works praise her in the gates.
—Proverbs, XXXI, 10-31.



Cincinnati, Ohio, October 13th.

Dear Sister:

It pleased me to hear from you and especially to be asked to give my experiences of War activities. In April of this year,

I was appointed by our pastor, Rev. Father P. J. Hynes, to reorganize the Red Cross Unit of St. Mary's Church, Hyde Park—an unexpected honor, which I felt it my duty to accept. I was fortunate in selection of my assistants and the attendance was encouraging, averaging seventy-five. All day meetings were held on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays with attendance averaging thirty to forty. We made gauze compresses, bandages, hospital and refugee garments. Our meeting room was the basement of our church and a most delightful workshop. Sewing machines were donated by various individuals and we were the proud possessors of eight, all run by electric motors. A fund was created by securing the use of a Motion Picture Theatre, and this \$100 or more was added to from time to time by donations from individuals and thus we provided thread and materials for our Unit. In a period of six months we produced 105 pajamas, 95 hospital shirts, 235 slings, 400 T-bandages, 1858 gauge compresses, 949 gauze strips, 130 sponges, 96 pneumonia jackets, 65 pads, and many refugee garments. The Congregation, through the Unit, contributed a hundred or more bundles of clothing for the Belgians. All members work most enthusiastically. They make an attractive appearance in their uniform, among them being the red veil of the Instructors, the light blue of the Vice-Chairman, and the dark blue of the Chairman. I have two nephews in France since December, 1917, and Mr. Hummel has a cousin there since July.

With love and good wishes to all, I am, Affectionately.

JULIA DAVIS HUMMEL, E. DE M.

Glendale, Cincinnati, Ohio, October 23, 1918.

Dear Sister:

Of course Glendale has a Red Cross Unit and we meet at the Lyceum every day except Saturday and Sunday. Grace and I try to attend at least two half days in the week. I believe Glendale has an unusual record for compresses sent to headquarters. We are knitting at home. I am on my tenth sweater, besides scarfs and wristlets. Grace is knitting socks. Grace belongs to the Canteen. Last winter they sent over forty boxes of good things they had made themselves for the boys, fruit cake, candy, preserves. This summer they made fruit butters to be used in the penny lunch rooms in the very poor school districts of Cincinnati, for the soldiers there.

Yours affectionately,

AGNES McCune.

Cincinnati, Ohio, October 19th.

Dear Sister:

First and foremost I have given my oldest son to the service, enlisted in Battery F, 136th Field Artillery under command of Col. Lincoln Mitchell. My second son is entering the Aviation Corps today. I have been working on surgical dressings and hospital garments, also knitting for the Church of the Assumption Unit. I wish I had something more to give you for your next Book, but I appreciate more than I can make you feel, the privilege of being entered in it, as one of the dear old Brown County girls.

Yours sincerely,

MARY MURPHY BURNS.

Wilmington, Ohio, October 13, 1918.

Dear Sister:

I have really done so little that I have little to say. Some Red Cross Work;—I cut gauze and won the title of the Snippy Miss Smith; a little Council of National Defense work, food conservation, which meant going around asking people to sign cards, and persuading some of them that their canned stuff would be left on their shelves; selling Liberty Bonds, and trying to make speeches. I am not in the least successful at the latter, but I enclose an acrostic which was printed in the Clinton County Democrat of September 26th. If you care to use that, do so. If not—at any rate please show it to Sister Gabriel.

I wish I had something brilliant to say for the little book which I always so enjoy having, but I am sure there will be no lack of material. And please God, we will have a new world and permanent peace and a lovely meeting in 1920.

With love to you all,

Sincerely,

ELLEN HALSEY SMITH.

Miss Ellen Halsey Smith, a member of the local Woman's Liberty Loan Committee, has written the following acrostic, which was so favorably received at a meeting of women loan workers Saturday night that a request was made for it to be forwarded to State headquarters.

Far away across the sea Our brothers fight for you and me, Uncle Sam wants us to fight, Right valiantly, with all our might, To save the sugar, save the wheat; Hungry folk in cold and sleet.

Look to us for bread and meat. In this battle for the right, Bread must help to win the fight. Ere we can hope to lick the Hun Royal saving must be done. To win the war the seas beyond You must buy a Liberty Bond.

Look on Belgium, Poland, France, On Britain, with her lifted lance; America is in the fray, Now help to win the war today.

Union Jack and fleur-de-lis, Stars and Stripes and Italy— All save the world for democracy.



Anyone who read in the First Year Book Henrietta McPhillips' naive account of her mother's wedding in Brown County, under the demure eyes of dear Notre Mere, could not easily forget it. Her mother, Rosa Woodworth McPhillips, was a ward of Notre Mere's and she and her sister, Mrs. Hennie Woodworth Manning, who died in New York a few years ago, were protégees of the early nuns, and much-talked-about personages. So, when the second generation of Rosas and Hennies appeared there was an expectancy as of fluttering wings. Rosa and Alice and Hennie proved to be very human, and very lovable, be it added, and their letters in the War Work vein show what wives and mothers they have turned out to be.

Mobile, Ala.

## Dear Sister:

I am not much when it comes to letter writing, but I hate to put aside your request and not let you hear from me at all, so I will try to tell you how busy I am trying to do my little bit. Just two weeks ago I joined the "Home Emergency First Aid" class at the Providence Infirmary. Sister Rose (a Sister of Charity) is at the head of it. There are thirty married ladies in the class. We go three afternoons a week from four to six and the best doctors in town lecture. Already we have heard about bandaging, how to treat hemorrhages, abdominal pains, causes, symptoms, etc., of malaria and typhoid fevers.

Then we are taught the practical things of nursing, such as bed making, to take temperature, also the pulse, to give hypodermics, etc. We study from a little book on Hygiene and after twelve weeks will take an examination. We will then be ready to lend a helping hand at home when we are needed, and Sister assures us that every lady capable to do so will be called upon to relieve the shortage of nurses. The course is interesting and it will be valuable all through life to

know what to and how to care for the sick.

Thursday is my Red Cross day. I work with St. Mary's Unit (this is my parish church, and by the way it is Father Ryan's little church, the poet whose poems you have often read). It would be impossible to give you a list of my work, as it varies so much. My knitting bag is always on my arm.

Clarence registered in this last draft on September 12th. He is thirty-nine years so has not received his questionnaire yet, as the first call is from eighteen to thirty-seven. However, I expect to see him in uniform before another year, and

if he is taken I will at once take up some war work and devote my entire time and attention to it. I have not only assisted in the sale of Thrift Stamps but save the pennies and buy weekly. We have subscribed to all the Liberty Bonds and are now ready to go the limit on the Fourth; the drive is going on now and Mobile's enthusiasm is great. I am sure we will go over the top for the fourth time.

ROSA McPHILLIPS RYDENHOUR, E. DE M.
State Vice-President for Alabama.

Mobile, Alabama, September 30, 1918.

Dear Sister:

How much we will enjoy reading "Our Book"...On account of my little ones, I have taken only a minor part in the wonderful War Work. Of course I am a member of the Red Cross. Our Cathedral Parish formed an Auxiliary early in the Fall and most of my work I did with them. Wednesday I devoted to making bandages, and hospital garments. Frequently I inspected and turned in the work for our Unit. We also made Refugee Garments and I helped inspect and pack some of the boxes. In the "Drive" I have always gone on the house-to-house canvass... My husband is County Chairman of the Fourth Liberty Loan Drive, which means that he is constantly at work on some detail to bring Mobile "Over the Top" as in the Third Drive. My children are very much interested in Thrift Stamps. They have saved their pennies and now have a number of War Stamps soon to grow into the Baby Bond. I have made every effort to conserve food and to impress on my little household the necessity of it all. As to gasoline, we do not use our car for any long pleasure trips. Oh yes, I must not neglect to tell you of the Home Emergency First Aid Class, under the Sisters of Charity instructions twice a week—are subject to local calls—and at the end of the course we expect to be real nurses. I trust the coming year will be a splendid year for dear old Brown County. Somehow or other it just makes the blood in my veins tingle

when I talk of the place. Give my love to the nuns. Asking you to remember me in your prayers, and with much love, Sincerely,

ALICE McPHILLIPS TONSMEIRE, E. DE M.

From the Mobile Morning Paper, Mobile, Alabama:

Three hundred women motor drivers for service in France are needed by the American Red Cross within the next six months. That Mobile women can perform any service in war times to help their country, is shown in the announcement that three will go from this city the first of next week, to take the course at Tulane University, New Orleans, for overseas motor service. Among these is Mrs. Henrietta McPhillips Feagin, wife of the late Dr. E. S. Feagin, one of Mobile's most prominent of the younger physicians, who, had he lived, would have been doing his duty for his country on the firing line.

Red Cross Motor Corps, New Orleans, La.

Dear sister Monica:

Several weeks ago a call was sent out for volunteers for overseas motor duty which call I answered, and in less than a week found myself over here. Our training school has created national interest because of its being the only one of its kind in the U. S. There are twelve students, all of us having had former experience as auto drivers. Our instructors are government paid men in charge of Camp Martin. We work there, and are domiciled in Sophie Newcomb College and our work uniforms are overalls! Just now we have five autos in our shop and are kept very busy tearing down and repairing. Our hours are from 5:30 A. M. until 9:00 P. M. and our work includes motor mechanics, five hours a day military drill, First Aid, Stretcher Drill, French and a very small amount of recreation; but the work is so absorbingly interesting that none of us mind it one bit.

We expect to be sent to France before Christmas at the latest and our work will be mostly Ambulance driving. I wish you could see our Barracks. We are in a large basement

room, with cots, a table and chairs our only convenience, but we don't mind it one bit. We want to learn to endure hardship so that we will be worth something to our government when we begin our real work. The routine work is making me "fat" and when Rosa and Alice see me again they won't know me. I have gained six pounds in two weeks.

The idea of the book is lovely and I hope you will see that mine is sent "across" to me. I am hoping that when my orders come I will be able to go to New York via Brown County. Will you be too busy for a little talk with me, if I come? I want to tell you a little of what this new work means to me and what it is doing for me. My boy, Marion, is in Long Island now, waiting his orders to sail.

HENRIETTA McPHILLIPS FEAGIN, E. DE M., 1906.

P. S. I am being sent with the Gulf Division Unit, American Red Cross Ambulance Corps.

Lexington, Ky., October 17, 1918.

Dear Sister:

I was afraid I would not be able to answer your kind letter, as I had the misfortune of breaking my thumb a few days after receiving your letter. I suffered terribly with the break, in fact, so much so, that it must have been the "thumb I kept my husband under".

Now for War Work! I am afraid I have not done much for the War. I am a member of the Red Cross, have knitted several sweaters, did not undertake socks, as I remembered my failure at school, I would do hard knitting for a week, and dear Sister Liguori would come and pull it all out in a second so the socks never grew to real socks the whole ten months.

I took a real active part in the nurses' drive, which was a success here in our town. My brother has two sons in this war, John W. Davis, 21 years, in the Coast Artillery; Rogers Gorin Davis, 19 years, Field Artillery. Mr. Pritchett and I have given to each Liberty Loan, and both have bought the limit of War Savings Stamps. As for the economy in food, I have eaten so much corn bread since Mr. Hoover has taken

the situation in hand, we are proud to be called "Corn Crackers".

Sister dear, I never was gifted while at school in either composition or letter writing, so please accept these plain statements. With much love to all the dear Sisters, believe me, always interested in our dear old Brown County Home.

Bonnie Davis Pritchett.

St. Martin, Ohio, Brown County, September 20.

Dear Sister:

I am making an attempt to write you a few lines, I only

ask of you to do with it as you see fit.

In July, 1917, we organized, forming the Perry Township Branch of the Georgetown Chapter American Red Cross. During our weekly meetings at the Ursuline Convent, directions were given, work was cut out and prepared, so that we were able to make use of all our spare moments at home. Although our numbers are few compared with organizations in larger places, we have sent to headquarters quite a large number of fracture-pillows, shoulder-wraps, bed-coats, hospital shirts, sweaters, socks and the like. I had the pleasure of making my home a center for the collection of clothes for the Belgian and French children and felt real satisfaction in being able to drive our machine to Georgetown several times, loaded to its full capacity with warm and comfortable clothing. I have sold a number of W. S. S., collected several hundred dollars for the Red Cross and taken an active part in several benefits. As this work represents the only opportunities offered us in our little town of doing our share, we have the satisfaction of knowing that we can not be classed as "slackers", and that if we could, we would have done more.

Affectionately,
MAY SCANLON,
Secretary Perry Branch Red Cross.

When May, who is not only a fine War Worker but a fine Parish Worker too, wrote this letter, she knew little of the greater War Work that the Father in Heaven held in store for her, the loss of her strong, brave brother, Eugene Scanlon. "Killed in action, date indefinite" is the tragic wording of the message. Lieutenant Scanlon was a promising young lawyer, in the firm of Mallon and Vordenberg, of Cincinnati, and was a member of the Irish Fellowship Club. The fiber of his character as soldier and man is shown in a letter written shortly before his death, and which his sister may well be proud of: "Our Chaplain is a young priest, Father Hoffman, who has two brothers in the army. He has been working day and night for the past two weeks, or ever since this drive began. For my part I am very glad he is with us, as he heard my Confession out in 'No Man's Land'. Our Battalion was advancing to help out, and had to go over the ground of the others. The Chaplain was burying the dead soldiers out there, in the most God-forsaken land in the world. He stopped his work long enough to hear my Confession, and I marched on. In ten minutes shells were falling right near where I had been and in less than one hour two of our Officers were wounded and five men killed. So it was fortunate for me to be prepared.— Don't tell Mother about this as it will only worry her.—For all in all it's a great show, and 'veery' exciting, as the Frenchman says; and I wouldn't miss it for the world."



#### BLESSING FOR A HOME

It is a beautiful Catholic Custom to have the Home blessed in Paschal season, Easter to Trinity Sunday.

Hear us, Holy Lord, Father Almighty, Eternal God: and just as in the flight from Egypt thou didst spare from the death angel the homes of the Hebrews that were marked with the blood of the lamb, which prefigured our Pasch in which Christ is immolated, so deign to send thy holy angel from Heaven, to guard, cherish, protect, visit, and defend all who dwell in this Home. Through Christ our Lord. Amen.

-Priests' Book of Ritual.



In the death of Mrs. Josephine Hoskins Christy, Honorary President of the Brown County Alumnae, which event occurred last March the first, the Convent laments the loss of one of its oldest and most devoted daughters. Mrs. Christy has written in the First Year Book an account of the first burial in Brown County cemetery on a snowy winter day long ago. She was at school in the first years, and her sister, Ada, who died early, was made Child of Mary, June 21, 1851. Several letters of recent date show her fine spirit and tender interest in her old school, and the persons she remembers are household pillars, dear to all who know anything of the past history of the Convent:

New Orleans.

#### Dear Mother Gabriel:

I have received the Alumnae Year Book within the week and am well pleased with it-Ma Mere St. Pierre's Journal is to me the feature of the Year Book—the recital tallies so perfectly with my early memories of her and the dear Community of brave women; then you must know that I recall the Purcells, such quaint old women—and Mrs. Corr, Mrs. Snowden and Mary Frances (God-daughter of my mother); the latter lived in New Orleans and we were friends under many adverse circumstances during the Civil War, and indeed until the tragedies of their deaths—oh, so pitiful a chapter!— God give them rest! Ma Mere St. Pierre deserves a little sketch, have any of you Sisters made one? I feel inclined to write a short memoir, for perhaps I could tell of her mission to Opelousas, the failure, the sacrifices—of which your Community knows but little... Your generous suggestion that I overlook the annual Dues, but as long as I can send the small amount, you must accept it, for it gives me much pleasure to keep in touch with the early Convent home... During your "Retreat" I beg special prayers for spiritual blessings for my sons.

## Dear Mother Gabriel:

Many thanks for the "Life Book" which is very beautiful and artistic in every phase of illustration, description, and quotation. But I am lost in the mazes of improvements, and feel sure I should only feel at home in the attic along with the well remembered ponderous frames and waxen flowers. Brown County must have progressed in many ways, but I insist that in her earliest life she was the equal if not the very best of Convent schools and I for one owe a debt of gratitude to the heroic band of nuns who established an institution unlike any in the Western country... Pray for me.

#### Dear Mother Gabriel:

... One of my attacks last week discouraged me, as I was ill for several days, but I am now improving ... letter writing was delayed. I do wish I could have been present at the Reunion, to greet both the "old girls" and the young aspirants to fame. Some of the names are in memory, but after the long years of complete separation some are elusive, and most of the marriage names are quite strange. I remember Kate Magevney as a classmate, also Hattie Basham and Florence Syms of Louisville, and Sallie Phillips—dear Juliette Rogers Wright, a connection by marriage, has passed to her reward. Looking backward appears a dream... As to the memoir of Ma Mere St. Pierre which you wish, I can only say that I hope to write it, for I know so well many things that should make her honored for all time in the Community she so nobly served—writing much at a time is painful, but I am hoping to execute my heart's desire. My love to all of the dear new Sisters, and thank you for your very dear letter.

Faithfully,

Josephine Hoskins Christy.

Columbus, Ohio, October 20, 1918.

Dear Sister:

The other day a friend said to me, on viewing the stack of unanswered letters on my desk: "Do you know your friends won't love you if you don't write to them." The remark made little impression upon me at the time, but later it kept dinning in my ears so persistently that I finally imagined it prophetic and soon found myself visualizing life without friends. The picture was so disquieting that I hasten to write before such a

fate overtakes me. But please don't think that my tardiness means that I have fallen into careless ways. It is just that all days are red inked days for me now.

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What a happy thought to make the 1918 Year Book a War Work Number, and if you think my activities will add something of interest or credit to it, I will be pleased to state them for the pride of old Alma Mater. Before our Country went into this war, a little group of us Catholic Women, anticipating the need of preparedness, took up the study of First Aid and Home Nursing. Later when the U.S. determined to share with our allies this conflict for democracy, our class became the nucleus about which we built the Catholic Woman's War Relief Association, now recognized and financed by the Columbus War Chest and grown to a membership of fifteen hundred, with activities in almost every branch of War Work. As one of the Vice-Presidents and members of the Executive and Advisory Board of this organization, much of my time is necessarily spent at these headquarters. The department of which I am chairman and instructor, and naturally the most interested in, is the Surgical Dressings Department, the members of which have, since July, 1918, worked without cessation or vacation and shipped thousands of hospital supplies overseas. One day of the week I give to the American Red Cross in directing a class in this same work at their headquarters. Just now there is a cessation of Junior Red Cross War Work in the schools, but soon, the "Flu" willing, I will again take up my duties as captain in Holy Name Parochial School, where it is truly inspiring to note how willingly and generously the children give up their playtime to help Uncle Sam.

Whenever I can manage to stretch the day I give the time to a group of about a hundred and fifteen girls, for which I act as counsellor in the "Patriotic League", an organization which no doubt has come under your notice. It was brought into existence by the need and spirit of the times and has made for itself quite a reputation with its slogan—"Do better than ever before what you are doing now". Our Columbus

branch of this league has an enrollment of thirteen thousand members, and is considered in every way the model for the country.

My services have at all times been fully given in the Food Conservation Campaign, also my active support in the Sales

end of the Liberty Loan drives to go "over the top".

With practically all of my time devoted to the cause, I find it hard to keep pace with my patriotic husband, who at the very outset of our country's entrance into the war, gave up his business to take up the work of the Draft Board, that of selecting soldiers for our army. If we grow a bit weary at times, of the exacting duties we have undertaken or yield for a moment to the temptation to long for the ease and plenty of the good old peaceful days, we have but to close our eyes and see the thousands of wounded boys lying in misery on the battlefield and our sacrifices seem poor and small in comparison. Just now our daily press is giving us such hopeful news, hinting at an early peace. How comforting it would be, if we could believe that we are really writing the last chapter of this war.

Affectionately,
Anna Steindam Gerlach, E. de M.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

Dear Alumnae:

There isn't anything exciting or romantic about getting up at five A. M., going out while the street lamps are still lit and taking the trolley at six, the only girl in a car full of working men, in order to reach the station in time to have breakfast ready at the Canteen at seven! This is the beginning of a day of Canteen work, it is most interesting and one's feelings are forgotten as the soldier appears for his hot coffee, in one's desire to serve our Country and her fighting men. We are there from seven in the morning until eleven at night, working in shifts, and all summer we served free of cost to thousands of soldiers, hot coffee, iced tea, milk, ham sandwiches, fruit, cakes, ice cream cones, cigarettes and postal cards. In the colder weather we have coffee, milk, hot frankfurter sandwiches, ham sandwiches, fruit, cakes and cigarettes. The

men from overseas are crazy about the ice cream as it is not

so plentiful in France and Italy.

In an evening we will feed and talk with soldier, sailor, marine, chaplain, submarine chaser, medical, artillery, aviator, balloon corps, all moving on. Many are returning from overseas, wounded, gassed, ill, each with something interesting to tell. One tells proudly of his young wife just twenty-four years old with four-year-old child, who ran their ranch while he took his part in the greater struggle, and how he looked at the women of France and felt that she was equal to any of them! That same night we had an Indian, Infantry, a splendid looking fellow like a bronze statue with the Croix de Guerre and palm for distinguished service. He stood silent and aloof, finally we got him to tell "he had captured four German officers and eight men"! We meet all soldiers at the Grand Central and Pennsylvania Depots, also meet troop trains out in the railroad yards and sick or convalescent soldiers are specially cared for.

Dear Alumnae, hasn't it been a rich and wonderful year for us all? The days are all too short for our knitting, surgical dressing work, soliciting funds for Red Cross fetes, Belgian babies, Liberty Bonds, sewing garments and packing boxes for devastated sections of France, all of which, in a small way,

I have been privileged to do.

I hope some day we can all meet again in peaceful, happier times and exchange our thrilling experiences with each other.

Sincerely,

MARGARET E. LYMAN, '06, E. DE M.

Oct. 20, 1918.

St. Louis, Mo., October 17.

Dear Sister:

Your little note arrived last week and though your personal words were few they brought with them much joy. ... My brother George is grinding flour for Uncle Sam. He is one of the most patriotic men I know of. Every few weeks he gets excited and thinks himself a slacker, then he goes down to enlist, but every time they refuse him on account of his

industry. They claim he is doing his "bit" by grinding flour daily, and assisting the government in all its campaigns here at home. So poor George is doomed to serve his country at home. As for the Red Cross, mother and I belong to the Catholic Woman's League. We give one day a week to sewing and many hours at home to knitting. It certainly does count up, and every article helps. Mother knits socks and I knit sweaters. So Harriet is married and has a little girl! ... Oh, ves, I am married. . . I married good, patient, kind George Renner to whom I said goodbye when I went to Brown County to school, and who was glad when I was graduated and came back home. Last September he answered the call to the colors and went in training at Louisville in Camp Taylor, and in May he came home on a furlough and we were married at St. Pius' Church the fourth of that month. I spent the rest of the summer with him, and in August he departed for France. Today I received my first letter from him. He speaks of others he had written but I have not received them. This came in answer to my Thirty Days' Prayer. He is Somewhere in France. That is very definite, isn't it? I have no fear of his not coming back. When he sailed we both placed him under the protection of Mary, Star of the Sea. Now that he is over there, he will be guarded and led by Our Lady of Victory, and will finally come home thanking Mary, Queen of Peace. But if it should be his fate not to return, and the good God, in His inscrutable wisdom, wishes me not to win, then I hope and pray that He will make me a good loser. Dear Sister, I could write oh so much more. He is serving in the Medical branch of the army. Write to me real soon if you have time. Remember me to dear Sister Josephine and let this be a letter to her too. Love to all from mother and myself.

Devotedly, Lena Reichert Renner, E. de M., '12.

Sitting Room, Cincinnati, Ohio, October 13.

Dear Sister:

You ask if I have any interest in the success of the war. I have five sons. My youngest is over there, Somewhere in France, has been since last May. Another is in Camp Mills,

waiting to go over. One being married, is doing special government work here. Another is in the Officer's Training School at St. Xavier's, and my oldest son, Dr. Charles E. Murray, although married, has volunteered for army service. My daughters are all interested in Red Cross work, while I am knitting every spare moment, hoping that some poor soldier boy may be a little bit warmer for my work. Don't you think I have very great reason to be interested in the success of the present war?

Always yours,

MARY JANE HENRY MURRAY, enrolled 1863.

Mrs. Murray, another old and revered pupil, is connected with some of the very earliest names enrolled at Brown County: with three cousins, Margo Duer, now Mrs. Henry of Cincinnati, whose name is with the first band of Children of Mary, that of 1848, Mary Jane Foster, of whom Mother Ursula and Mother Xavier used to talk so much, and Jennie Springer, niece of Mr. Reuben Springer who endowed Music Hall in Cincinnati. The fine old silver service used for the entertainment of guests these many years at the Convent, and the oldest of the china, were among the many gifts that these devoted pupils left to their memory. And the little"Cottage" where the younger Alumnae at reunions nowadays spend merry hours, was built by Jennie Springer for guest use and for her own convenience, when she wished to stay at Brown County during the summer,—the wish and the dream of many another Brown County girl since her time.

Chicago, Ill.

My Dear Sister:

Only a sense of duty and courtesy could induce me to comply with your recent request for a contribution towards the War Work number of the Year Book, shortly to be printed and distributed; because I realize that my "Bit", being so insignificant, can add nothing to the glorious record made by others. Anxious to do something, though it could be but little, I converted what remained of my bank account, four dollars and a fraction, into War Savings Stamps. Conservation of

food and abolition of everything non-essential are strictly observed in our home; and all news papers, waste papers, magazines, rags and completely worn-out garments are jealously guarded, packed into bundles and saved for the Junk Man, from whom we receive Red Cross Coupons (Salvage) in lieu of money. . . . Four cousins are in France, giving their services for the freedom of the world: one, a hospital nurse, has been decorated with the Croix de Guerre; one acts as an interpreter; another is in the artillery, and his brother is in the Radio Service. The care of our apartment, and the doing of all our own work prevents outside activities, but I feel sure that patriotism burns with no feebler glow in our hearts because of this. My sister Josephine joins me in love to all the nuns.

Most affectionately,

Margaret Jones, E. de M.

Enrolled 1871.

The sister referred to in Miss Margaret's letter, as Josephine Jones of the Brown County Alumnae, is the brilliant singer, "Miss Josie Jones Yorke", who, in the late seventies and eighties, was creating such a furore in England. She had made her debut in Italy, running the usual gauntlet of La Scala with ease, and her subsequent popularity in the British Isles was so great, that in Dublin the college students used to unharness her carriage and drag it back to her hotel through the streets with joyous uproar. She was with Mapleson in the eighties on his tour through the States, conducting Patti, Scalchi and a galaxy of Opera singers, but her happiest success was with Carl Rosa in Opera in England. She had a rich, magnetic contralto. For many years now she has been teaching in Chicago.

St. Louis, Mo., September 8.

Dear Sister:

Your letter was certainly a source of pleasure to me... and I am sorry the Convention of Federated Convent Alumnae to meet here in St. Louis has been postponed. We are

much disappointed as we were looking forward to seeing both Mrs. Williams and Jennie Freschard Wagner... Genevieve has not heard from Louise Marsh for some time. She wrote last from Paris, where she was on a two weeks' vacation.... We all keep very busy over War Work. At home we knit socks. Is it not astonishing the amount of work the women of the country have accomplished?... Little Charles has been regretting all the summer that he did not get to Brown County. Nettie and Genevieve join me in fond love to one and all of your dear household.

Lovingly,

HENRIETTA PRENATT GREEN, E. DE M., 1862. State Vice-President for Missouri.

The name of Mrs. Green's dead sister, Sallie Prenatt, is also a familiar word in Brown County. They were of an early French Indiana family. The second generation are Mrs. Nettie Green Maguire, '91, E. de M., and Miss Genevieve, '94, E. de M., both of St. Louis, and all are bound in old and new friendships among the Nuns. Their frequent summer visits with the little grandson, Master Charles Maguire, Jr., are bright days indeed. The statue of Our Lady on the children's campus out beyond the play-hall is the gift of Nettie's father.



For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother, and shall stick to his wife. . . . This is a great sacrament.

—St. Paul to Ephes. V, 22, 23.



### BLESSING FOR A WEDDING RING

Sanctify, O Lord, this ring, which we bless in thy name, that she who shall wear it, keeping true faith unto her husband, may abide in thy peace and according to thy will, and ever live in love given and taken. Through Christ our Lord. Amen.

-From the Layfolks' Ritual.

Brief is the tale of her who giveth all she has.

On Whitsunday, May, 1918, there was held in All Souls' Memorial Church, (Episcopalian) Washington, D. C., a sad little memorial service for Lieutenant Julian Noyes Dowell, of the Aviation Section, U. S. C. C., O. R. C., and a gold star was placed upon the Service Flag to honor the brave young fiance of Louise Elster Adams, Class of 1914, Brown County. Louise is the daughter of Mrs. Jane Elster Adams, and niece of Mr. George Kelly and Mrs. Katherine Elster Kelly, Class of 1897, of Springfield, Ohio, than whom Brown County has no more loyal alumni. Lieutenant Dowell was a graduate of Princeton and a law student of Georgetown University, completing his aviation training at Étampes, France. The young hero was officially reported as "killed in line of duty". What more noble record? Columbus jotted in his diary "This day we sailed Westward, . . . which was our course."

"Julian" writes one of his comrades, "was with Lt. Howard, the head of the Tours aerodrome. He had received orders to choose two aviators for the Front. Having made his selection, he made a half dozen flights with each of them to make sure of his choice, for he was always extremely conscientious. It was on the last test that the accident happened. The aeroplane (a Farnam biplane) was being driven by the young lieutenant, Julian being the passenger, and they were just about to land on the aviation grounds when, probably owing to an air pocket, the machine suddenly turned sideways, throwing out the two young men, who were both killed."

He had written home shortly before, "I am lucky to be honored with the opportunities given me; this situation has revealed God a little more clearly, and you are quite right in feeling that fear and faith in Him are inconsistent."

And so Louise's War Work letter, in face of this pathetic story reads more eloquent in its reticence than in its disclosure.

Washington, D. C. November 25, 1918.

Dear Sister:

Your little note asking me to tell what I have been doing for the success of the war came some time ago... It has been so little... The war was first brought very close to me a year

ago in November, when my fiance, Lieutenant Julian Noves Dowell, who had enlisted in the Aviation Corps two weeks after war was declared, sailed for France. .. So I feel like making the whole thing about Julian, ... he was so fine and did so much. When I see you again I shall tell you all about him, for I want you to know something of him... Excuse this poor little note, ... but I feel grateful for the many wonderful things which you helped me to see and understand while I was at school. I had been going to the Red Cross rooms, had knitted some and taken part in the Drives or worked a little for other patriotic demonstrations. In short, I had done the usual things in the usual way—nothing more,—I hope, nothing less. When the letters began to come from France, the desire to help took possession of me and I decided to learn to be a typist, as every minute counted . . . I hoped for a place in one of the big war organizations; until on the first of May I was called to Washington and there learned that Lieutenant Dowell had been killed in an accident. It seemed almost impossible to continue the work which I had begun. Unexpectedly one day I received a telegram directing me to report for duty at the Treasury Department, and so I am in the Liberty Loan section; and sometimes when it seems hard to go on, there is the inspiration of our men and women who have given so much, ... and Lieutenant Dowell's words in a letter to me, "Whatever happens you must meet the facts squarely and live on in a sane Christian way. If life is real, this war is spiritual in its significance, so whatever happens to me, do not fail yourself because you cannot see and understand."

Your loving
Louise Elster Adams, '14.

Springfield, Ohio, November 29, 1918.

Dear Sister:

My first War Work was not a signal success, . . . it consisted of a very peculiarly knitted sweater . . . I belong to the Clark County Red Cross Chapter, and we are still making clothes for the refugees. This summer we had a sewing club

and made outfits for the Belgian and French babies, very pretty and interesting, indeed. During the campaigns we were all pressed into the service, selling Red Cross buttons, inducing people to buy Bonds and Thrift Stamps and begging for the War Chest.

But the War Work of which I will always be proudest is the economy I practiced in obedience to the Food Conservation requirements. It is almost an impossibility to bring smiles back to the dusky face of one of the best colored cooks in Ohio, who is grieving over a sad and doughy pie. In despair I bought a copy of Good Housekeeping, in which, to my great joy, I found all kinds of War Recipes. But the sugar question is a veritable nightmare. Many times at market I have looked longingly at little measures full of bright red cranberries ... Never once have I seen anyone stop in front of the cranberry stand. We are all trying to do our bit as true Americans. Every privation makes us feel that we are helping our brave soldiers. Although I have no brothers I would consider myself unworthy of certain cousins I have in the service if I did not drink black coffee, and love to drink it for that . . . Please give my love to all Brown County.

# Affectionately,

PAULINE BOSART, '17.

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### THE PIATT FAMILY AT BROWN COUNTY



<sup>\*</sup> Have attended Brown County School.

October 19, 1918.

Dear Sister:

I am seventy-seven today, and it is just sixty years since I left Brown County. Three-score and seventeen years do not permit of much active War Work. I sit by the fire, knit for the soldiers and pray God that His wrath may descend upon the Hun.

My children are past the fighting age, my grandchildren still too young. We must content ourselves with such help as can be given on this side. This we try to give to our utmost.

My greetings to you all. May my next birthday see a restored and peaceful world, freed of the curse of the German.

Affectionately,

BELLE PIATT CARROLL, E. DE M. in 1867.

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Kansas City, Mo., October 30.

My dear Sister:

The Officials of our Alumnae are to be congratulated; their idea of a War Work number for our next Year Book is a splendid one. A succession of illnesses during the past year have kept me a very inactive woman. Except for knitting a few articles, and spending a day now and then at a Surgical Dressing Unit, I've been an enforced slacker with a heart brimming over with a desire to do! As you know, I married into an "army family", my daughter's grandfather being the late Major J. B. Keefer, U. S. A. Her uncle, Col. Frank R. Keefer is connected with the Provost General's Department of Washington, D. C. Another uncle, Major General Fred. Foltz in command of the 91st Division, 5th Corps, is in France. Col. Thomas Duncan, a cousin, has charge of the Aviation School at Dayton, Ohio (they are changed constantly) another cousin, Captain Potter Palmer, is with the Signal Corps on the Flanders Front, and still another, Major Warren Hannum is with his Company on the fighting line.

Brother George's only son, a lad of eighteen, recently

joined the "Tanks".

Mother has several great-nephews "over there"... This array of names makes a small company, do they not? And they make us feel connected with war interests nationally and individually... We have escaped the "Flu" but in all walks of life dear ones have been taken, sometimes the whole family. Indeed, these are tragic days. I have asked myself the question "Is there need of a great atonement?" I am enclosing my answer.

Is there need of a great atonement, My Lord, My God, My All, That my sons and the sons of others, Must by the thousands fall?

Our eyes are heavy with tears unshed, Our hearts with anguish riven, What is the measure of our sins, dear Lord? To depths of despair we're driven.

Dear child, there is need of atonement, Need of a world in pain, That man may be drawn to Heaven. His suffering is not in vain.

A world has forgotten its Maker, It is lustful of sin and ease. I gave it untrammelled freedom, And now it must appease.

For I am the Almighty Father,
My house should be the goal,
Not the world and its vanishing treasures,
With its wealth of vice untold.

Man must learn submission,
Must bow his head in grief,
Acknowledge that I am Master,
Then he will find relief.

Do you think it adequate? With deepest affection for all the dear ones at my beloved Convent home of yesteryears, Katherine Fearons Keefer, '76, E. de M.

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Mrs. Elizabeth Magevney Coddington, E. de M., who died in 1915 and whose War Work is recounted in this letter, was the sister of the present Superioress of Brown County

Convent, Mother Angela née Nellie Magevney, '90, E. de M. Their mother, Mrs. Elizabeth O'Driscoll Magevney, '65, E. de M., the writer of the letter, has been in recent years married to the late Mr. Wm. T. Sullivan of Chicago. Mrs. Sullivan was on the Committee that drew up the Constitution for the Alumnae in 1910. By her constant benefactions to the nuns, she has been accorded the degree of Fairy Godmother. The Magevneys are an old Memphis family from time immemorial devoted to Brown County. Mother Borgia, the magical musician, was a daughter of Mr. Michael Magevney by a former marriage. Two other daughters, long since dead, Ellen and Jennie, the beautiful singer, were pupils in years gone by. In memory of the old time music of these well-beloved women, there is a fine little Roosevelt pipe organ in the Convent chapel, placed there by their father. During the days of the Civil War, their Southern home was, of course, profoundly affected, and Mother Borgia, as a girl, went out to nurse the soldiers. So it is quite in keeping with family traditions that one finds Elizabeth displaying, in her quiet English village, the same spirit.

> Memphis, Tenn., October, 1918.

My dear Sister:

In the Red Cross Activities for the war, my daughter, Elizabeth Magevney Coddington, Mother Superior's sister, took a very busy part... during the last months of her life in that winter of 1915 at Avon Dassett, England, where she was living. She attended classes given by Red Cross Instructors in the village, and later joined a more advanced class of ladies at Farnborough, under Doctor X. When Elizabeth received her diploma she remarked in departing, that so far she had had no occasion for sending for him professionally, but added a little impressively "Should I have to do so, Doctor, be sure you come quickly." This was the physician sent for the night of her sudden death, but his machine got clogged with the deep snow, and although he walked just as fast as possible the rest of the three miles to Avon Dassett, he arrived too late. Her greatest interest was for Belgian refugees, and

she induced the pastor, Rev. Wm. Dobell, to rent her the old schoolhouse, to make a home for a Belgian family, a mother and nine children, which she and some other ladies had written to London to have sent to their care. Ladies and maids took part, and transformed the unlikely building into very comfortable quarters, Mrs. Coddington having almost stripped her own home of beds, pillows and all sorts of warm coverings. She even placed little cushions and ornaments on the desk made to do duty as a dressing table beside the bed reserved for the Belgian mother. A small cottage connecting with the schoolhouse had been converted into kitchen and salle-amanger, and provisions and coal had been sent, this last from Mrs. Coddington's supply. The maids were busy preparing the first meal. Elizabeth and the other ladies went in their autos to the railroad station, nine miles distant, to meet and bring the refugees to Avon Dassett while the rest of us helped

the maids get everything else in readiness.

Just imagine our consternation when the autos drove up, to see three couples, five children, a mother-in-law and sister of one of the couples alight,—instead of the expected family! Soon after we were beckoned into the parsonage, where Father Dobell, in a state of great excitement, told us the men must be sent to another village for the night, and be returned to London next day, as it was impossible to house them in that one big room. But Miss Perry, the Lady of Bithom House, Mrs. Weld and daughters of Orchard Lodge, Mrs. Bassett and some others with Mrs. Coddington, sent maids and chauffeurs to their homes, and soon a goodly supply of drawingroom curtains were put to immediate use and separate apartments were made. In their hurried flight these people had been unable to take anything with them except what they wore. Each family in Avon Dassett had agreed to pay a certain sum weekly or its equivalent in provisions, but clothing was needed. So I made a quick trip to Leamington, the nearest town, the next day for bolts of flannel and muslin, with shoes and stockings. Many of the Avon Dassett ladies had planned to take Belgian children into their own homes to raise, and Elizabeth had asked for two little boys, but her sudden death prevented the accomplishment of that good work. Having returned to the United States in October, 1914, I was recalled

to England late in December by Elizabeth's death, and when late in the spring I felt able to visit the Belgians I found the husbands had obtained employment, the children were attending the village school, and the women were sewing or washing by the day in some of the homes of the better class of farmers. When food was a little short they frequently came—the women and children,—to the roomy kitchen of the "Old House", as Mrs. Coddington's English home was called,—and they found the generous welcome there which Elizabeth would have given them.

I was able to turn over to them later on, through Mrs. Weld, a large potato field, planted, and was glad to hear later on after my return to America how greatly the potatoes had helped in feeding the refugees during that hard winter of

1916–'17.

My sister (Mrs. Ellen O'Driscoll Brasher) has worked for the Red Cross so regularly and so well that all the departments have vied with each other in asking her help, and I could not tell you the number of pieces she has finished. Mother Superior's brother, popularly known as "Judge Magevney", has been a very successful Four Minute Man, in less than a half hour his first talk brought in for the Red Cross nineteen hundred dollars, four hundred of which was the offering of a negro congregation. He says the colored people are more than generous. This is the list unless I may be permitted to add our Boy Scouts, my son's three boys, who have sold a fair share of War Savings Stamps and Bonds. Believe me with devoted love,

ELIZABETH O'DRISCOLL MAGEVNEY SULLIVAN, Class of '65, E. de M. State Vice-President for Tennesee.

> Louisville, Ky., October. 29, 1918.

Compared to the Brown County mothers and sisters who have given their beloved sons and brothers to this awful war, my "Wee Bit" seems so small and pitiful,—I hate to write of it.

Since I have been sick (a stroke of paralysis), I have seemed so useless in this great, big, busy world, of ours, so full of trouble and sorrow,—but if my humble prayers count,—I have prayed oh, so fervently!

Then, too, I belong to the St. Mary Magdalen Unit of the Red Cross, though my fingers have lost some of the cunning

of Brown County days for knitting.

Give my dear Mother Angela my best love, and to yourself a Brown County kiss from

MARY O'REILLY FRANCKE.

Be sure to give my love to all the nuns.

Our little actress, Miss Marguerite Clarke's answer to the call of Alma Mater was a charming photograph taken in child costume, with two saucy kittens in her arms. It was signed:

With every good wish,

MARGUERITE CLARKE.

On the back of the photograph she had written "Sold one million dollars' worth of Liberty Bonds in about eight hours,—October 24, 1917, Cincinnati, Ohio".

That same Liberty Day she had sent a wire out to Mother Superior at Brown County: "A thousand thanks for your kind invitation and sweet thought of me. Deeply regret not being able to see you all, but am here only twenty-four hours. Wish with all my heart I might see you. Love and best wishes to each and every one."

MARGUERITE CLARKE.

She is now Mrs. Marguerite Clarke Williams, and her husband wears the straps of a Lieutenant on his shoulders.

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New Orleans, October 18, 1918.

Dear Sister:

Would I could write you of real work,—that would have been a help and inspiration to others. Instead I've had a little of Emergency Red Cross work, a little knitting, seasoned with a tiny bit of assistance to the Chaplain's Aid... My share seems to be just helping the others to do their Bit; for Mary Angela, aged eleven, is quite a little worker, making herself very valuable at our Red Cross Branch, not only by her willing little errands, but with actual work. She has made three sweaters that would be a credit to older hands. And Myra, who has been indefatigable from the beginning, is now one of the Field Secretaries, doing the active work of organizing in North Louisiana, the field assigned her. We can boast of neither soldiers nor sailors. Uncle Sam does not want my good husband who is far past the age, and my oldest boy, who would be eligible, had joined that other Army under the banner of St. Ignatius, before our call to arms. Best love to all, my dear, dear friends at Brown County... Wishing you every success with the Year Book, I am

Affectionately,

Lelia Porteous Pond, E. de M., State Vice-President for Louisiana.

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Mrs. Pond's sister, Miss Laura Porteous, E. de M., '96, did War Work on the Censor Board of New Orleans, where she censored letters in French, Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, and three Scandinavian languages.

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Fort Thomas, Ky., October 21, 1918.

Dear Sister:

Yes, I am very busy with War Work. Our Red Cross Unit is under the management of a charming and interesting woman, Madame Aerts, wife of the Belgian Consul. Our work consists now of surgical supplies, and the making of body bandages, the rolling of which is very complicated. The knitting we do at home. I felt my education was not complete until I had tried socks, and no boy was ever prouder of his first trousers than I of that first pair of socks. Of course, the

whole family are interested in Thrift Stamps and Bonds, little Blair having sold twenty-six hundred dollars worth of Bonds last week. I trust our War Book will be a grand success.

Affectionately.

NELLIE BARRINGER BLAIR.

Mrs. Blair was the first Treasurer of the Alumnae, 1910-1913. She is the oldest of the Barringers, who were at the Convent in the Seventies, herself, Lulu Barringer, now Sister Gonzaga, and Mrs. Kittie Barringer Gratney, who died in the Church in 1890.

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### BLESSING OF A MOTHER AFTER CHILDBIRTH

Almighty, everlasting God, who through the delivery of the Blessed Virgin Mary, hast turned into joy the pains of the faithful in childbirth, look mercifully upon this thine handmaid, coming in gladness to thy temple, to offer up her thanks; and grant that after this life, by the merits and intercession of the same blessed Mary, she may merit to arrive with her offspring at the joys of everlasting happiness. Through Christ our Lord. Amen.

—From the Layfolks' Ritual.

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St. Louis, Mo., October 7, 1918.

My dear Sister:

While I think the plan unique and interesting, I fear my

little letter will be stupid compared to many others. . . .

The unfortunate position in which I find myself financially, has precluded the possibility of doing my "Bit" in the wonderful work now going on. My path in life for the last few years has been so beset with thorns, and all my attentions monopolized by homely duties, deprived even of the privilege of contributing towards the welfare of so many in need, that I have been thinking of starting a little "War" on my own account!—against whom I will not tell! But though compelled to take a seat among the loneliest of the lonely in woman's grand

work for our heroes, I am proud to say I have near relatives occupying positions of grave responsibility. To begin with, my own brother, Major Louis Tonsard Pim, named for one of Gen. Lafayette's Aides, my Grandfather's friend,—is in the Medical Corps, Field Artillery of Missouri, now in action. My first cousin, Col. John Allan Hornsby, is Inspector of Hospitals all over the United States.

Well, Sister...here's hoping the War Year Book will eclipse all previous ones in point of dignity, interest, and circulation. With much old-time Convent love for all, I am

Loyally and affectionately,

ALICE PIM KAY.

Paris, Ky., October 16, 1918.

Dear Sister:

... I do not know how you would classify me. I seem to have dipped into a little of everything without real results. I have worked on all but one of the Liberty Loan Campaigns, but did not keep record of how many thousand I sold. I am County Chairman for Bourbon County, Ky., in the War Stamp Campaign, and am a little proud of my record in that. We went "Over the Top" before Pledge Day, and my average of over-subscription ranks third in the State. I took a three months' course at the University, in Motor Ambulance Driving, and have tried everything from heading a Patriotic Parade to being waitress in our Red Cross Tea Room. I have Stamps and Bonds, I am supporting a French orphan; I have worked on the Belgian Relief; I have knit a number of socks and sweaters, have worked at surgical dressings, and to finish up, have registered for Foreign Service in the Canteen. I have a number of cousins in the service but no one nearer, and that is why I am anxious to go, for I feel our family should be represented. Why does not Brown County send over a Unit? I do hope to get up to Brown County soon, it seems a lifetime since I was there last. My love to all the Sisters.

Lovingly,

ELIZABETH STEELE, '09.

#### BLESSING FOR CHEESE AND BUTTER

Deign, Lord God Almighty, to bless and sanctify this creature, Cheese and Butter, which thou hast been pleased to produce from milk of animals, so that any of thy faithful who partake of it, enjoying every blessing and thy grace, may abound in good things. Through Christ our Lord. Amen.



## BLESSING FOR EGGS

Assist with the grace of thy blessing, O Lord, this creature of Eggs, that it may be healthful food for thy faithful receiving it gratefully: because of the Resurrection of Our Lord Jesus Christ, who with thee liveth and reigneth for ever and ever. Amen.

—Priests' Book of Ritual.



#### BLESSING FOR BREAD

Lord Jesus Christ, Bread of angels, Bread of eternal life, bless this bread, as thou didst bless the five loaves in the desert, that all those who eat of it, may receive health of body and soul. Who livest and reignest for ever and ever. Amen.

—Priests' Book of Ritual.



Those who remember Edith Hayes will be touched and impressed with her letter, for it was among the very last she wrote before her unexpected death of pneumonia in New York just two weeks after the writing. A strain of seriousness runs through it, and the old gay, laughter-loving, wilful, warmhearted Edith has taken on a womanliness born of faith and life's hard experience. She was staying at Manhattanville Convent preparing to take up a new home, when she was suddenly attacked by Influenza-Pneumonia, received the last Sacraments and died before her sister from St. Louis could reach her bedside, and was buried before her soldier-husband could learn the circumstances of her death.

New York, October, 1918.

Dear Sister:

What happiness Uncle Sam gave me this morning, bringing me your nice long letter. I am in the little village of New York since last May and I tried to take up nursing, but much to my disgust it was too hard for me, ... so at present War and all have been put out of my mind by the doctor's orders. In November I hope to go in one of the little khaki ambulances every day. On the ninth of last month I received a cablegram from Frank, (her husband, Lieutenant Dolan, in France), saying he was sailing for home. I knew he had been sick, and that he had been sent to one of the Base Hospitals last May. I was wild with joy... It certainly was a Fool's Paradise. Tuesday, the twenty-fourth, brought letters, but oh, such blue ones, ... his orders had been changed and he was to remain in Paris. . . . perhaps it was best. How true is the little poem "God holds the key to all unknown"... I will send it to you, and I wonder if you will love it as I do.

I am terribly sorry, dear Sister, not to have anything of interest for the Book, but my life is so self-centered and uninteresting. Just before leaving Boston last May, I received the Child of Mary medal at the convent there, and since I have been here the mornings I have missed Mass and Communion have been few, as the Knickerbocker, where I am staying temporarily, is right near the convent. I am not looking for

praise, but I thought it might please you a tiny bit.

At present I am counting on a visit home, and if I get it, may I hope for another flying visit with you? This time we can take a nice long walk around the grounds, as it will be April or May. When you write Sister Josephine, give her my love, please, but keep a big share for yourself, for surely you know I love you dearly. Here is the little poem I spoke of...

"God holds the key of all unknown, and I am glad,—
If other hands should hold the key
Or if he trusted it to me,
I might be sad!

"The very dimness of my sight makes me secure. For groping in my misty way
I feel His hand, I hear Him say
"My help is sure"."

I am as ever,

Respectfully,

EDITH HAYES DOLAN.

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Mrs. Mary Reaume Drum was the very first chairman of the very first alumnae meeting, in June, 1910. She, and Louise Marsh, now in France, with the New York Presbyterian Hospital Unit, organized the assembly that elected Mrs. Williams president. Mrs. Drum's husband was at that time Lieutenant Drum, 23rd U. S. Infantry, and they had no children. Today her husband is Brig. Gen. Hugh A. Drum, and little Miss Anna Carroll Drum is growing up almost as fast as her father did. The verses given below are part of a War Time Lullaby which this happy mother set to music and published for the benefit of the French babies whose fathers were "away" in another sense.

Dear little tot you've been busy all day, Working so hard at your cunning play, Your two tiny feet have pattered so fast I wonder the Sandman has caught you at last. Your wee woolly dog is tired as you, He says for you please to rock him, too. In the bye-bye chair off to Sleepytown In Mother's arms come lay yourself down.

Daddy has gone so far away, But Daddy'll be coming home some day. Daddy, my dear, is a soldier, you know, He's gone to fight our country's foe, That the world may be safer for you and me And gladness and joy again may be; But his heart is here with his baby dear, He bids us be brave and nothing fear.

Bye-bye in your bye-bye chair; Mother is rocking her baby there. She knows you are tired and weary, quite, Though you're fighting sleep with your tiny might. Dear little one, close your eyes so blue,
The angels are whispering soft to you,—
"Rest little love, we watch from above—"
Go to sleep in your bye-bye chair.

Indianapolis, Indiana, December 12, 1018.

Dear Sister:

I do not seem to have had a chance to answer your letter until now. I have done no War Work. When my husband Brigadier-General Hugh A. Drum) left for France, I felt he would do the important work for the family and that I could help most by helping him and having his mind at ease about his family. When he left I wrote him I would not keep a nurse and while he was away I would never leave Carroll except with my sister. If you knew "Peaches" you would realize that this would leave me time for nothing, for she is a most active young person. We were without her so many years and wanted her so badly, that I could do no better War Work than taking her for my bit. My sister has done splendid work: she has written all the letters for Miss Goodwin, the head of the Red Cross here, has worked in the French Relief, and is now in the Canteen Service, having charge of the publicity of all these things. I don't think anyone in Indianapolis has done better work. Of course I have bought Liberty Bonds of each issue more than I could afford, and the money I made from my little Lullaby I used to buy War Stamps. (Mrs. Drum composed and published an attractive Lullaby for a soldier's baby, which was sung by the little girls at Brown County on St. Ursula's Day, 1918, with great success.) All the knitting I have been able to do I have sent to my husband; I don't suppose anyone else would want it. It is difficult to knit and prance after Miss Drum at the same time. She is a normal healthy child, bubbling over with spirits. She is adorable. I have loved every minute I have been with her. She fascinates and amuses me but keeps me busy.

General Drum has done wonderful work. General Bundy told me last week that he had done magnificent work and that he was proud of him. Men whom I know over there have

written me that he is a military genius. My proudest moment was when Gen. Pershing made him Chief of Staff of the First Field Army. It was a Major General's detail, and my husband was a Lieut. Colonel. It is a position of great responsibility, and he has more than made good in it. The First Field Army will go down in history. He was made Brigadier General after the success of St. Mihiel for his work in planning that offensive. It was a brilliant success. I am sending you this order of the First Army, it will be interesting. I am proud of the work he has done, that has made him, young as he is, one of the big men of our army over there. There is little in his letters—he has time to write me only short ones—except to tell me how wonderful were our fighting men over there and how proud he is of them.... Since St. Mihiel, Hugh has worked sixteen hours a day. Our troops had terrific fighting the last month. He said in one letter "Success is one thing but loss of life is another, and the relief that it is over is tremendous." I do not know what I could tell you that you could use for your book. I sent the French orphans in Chaumont, where General Pershing's headquarters are located, Christmas boxes last year and Easter boxes, and have had many letters from them. A Miss Singleton, who was at headquarters office distributed the gifts for Hugh. She knew the needy children. The charming letters from her and from the children seemed too much gratitude for so little a thing. I think your book will be most interesting and it is such a nice thing to do. I am content to shine by reflected glory. Hugh has done wonderful work in France, and my sister splendid work here. Peaches and I have just played along and prayed along! Much love to you all.

Devotedly,

MARY REAUME DRUM, '99, E. DE M.

Before Brigadier General Drum sailed for Europe, he was a Major detailed to the General Staff. He has become successively Lieutenant-Colonel, Colonel and Brigadier-General. He is thirty-eight years old. Under Gen. Pershing he handled the whole movement of the 750,000 men engaged in the action. He has had much to do with the preparations for the

landing of the large forces on the western front. He also had a prominent part in the working out the scheme of training to which American troops have been subjected. He spent six weeks in the trenches with the 42nd (Rainbow) Division during its period of training. Gen. Drum served in the Philippines and twice was cited for bravery. He was assistant Chief-of-Staff to the late Major General Funston at the Mexican border. He has also been instructor at Fort Leavenworth. Major General McAndrew predicted of him "Lieut. Col. Drum is a tower of strength and is destined for much higher honors". the following letters sent to Mrs. Drum show his enthusiasm for our superb American forces under him:

"The Armistice has been signed. My! but it is a great relief! The Americans can feel proud of their part in the war. When the First Army was organized we drove the Germans back at St. Mihiel and made a quick jump to the Argonne front. The move will be put down as one of the skillful manoeuvres of the war. Our attack here was the blow against the vital point of the whole German system. If he lost here he lost the war and his army. During the first month of our constant battle we forced him to bring all of his good troops to hold us. This freed the fronts of the British, French and Belgians and permitted them to advance. For one month we kept hammering him until we saw that he was weakening. We then gave the mighty blow of November first. This blow ended the war. We broke through his lines and split his army, reaching Sedan. This will go down in history as the vital blow of the war."

## HEADQUARTERS FIRST ARMY

American Expeditionary Forces. 5 Nov., 1918.

General Orders No. 31.

On Nov. 1st, after constant fighting for over one month, the First American Army launched an attack against the German Army, which had established itself for determined resistance. In five days it had penetrated 25 kilometres and had driven the enemy in retreat before it. Its brilliant success

in connection with the advance of the 4th French Army on its left, forced the Germans to retreat on a broad front to the west.

It has fought and marched and endured the rigors of campaign with the most superb indifference to everything except the determination to go forward and imprint upon the

enemy the marks of its courage and resolution.

All arms and services, those in advance who smashed the way, those in the air who rendered aggressive and efficient service, and those in the rear who by their untiring industry made possible the continued advance, are worthy of the highest praise and the gratitude of their admiring country.

The army commander is proud of such an army, thanks it for the splendid results already achieved, and looks with confidence to the still greater successes that lie before it.

By command of Lieutenant General Liggett:

Hugh A. Drum, Chief of Staff.

Official, Adj. General.

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Chicago, Ill., October 17, 1918.

My dear Sister:

Your note pleased me immensely, especially the part saying you hadn't forgotten me. It has been some time since I heard from Brown County, although very often I think of the good old times. Some day I should like to go back for a regular visit and again be with many of the dear ones whom I grew to know and like so well. If I can possibly arrange such a visit I surely will do it... The Book is bound to appeal to every Brown County girl.... Now for my own activities. Last February the Government offered a course in stenography, typewriting, and business information, which I completed and found very interesting. In June I took a position with the Central Division of the Red Cross here in Chicago, a very busy place indeed. It handles an immense volume of work daily. The work is both interesting and instructive, and I believe I have gained more business experience in the last three months than I ever had before. Outside of this I

have helped to sell some Liberty Bonds and War Savings Stamps. I think this constitutes my personal doings as far as the war is concerned. Here, as elsewhere, all anybody thinks, hears, or talks about is war, war, war. . . Please remember me to everybody who you think will remember me, and accept lots of love from

Yours affectionately,
HENRIETTA McDonald.

(P)

### BLESSING FOR A NEW HOUSE

We humbly pray thee, God the Father Almighty, for this house, and for those who dwell in it, and for the things that are therein, that thou wouldst vouchsafe to bless and hallow it, and fill it with all good things . . . When we enter upon this house graciously vouchsafe to bless and hallow it, as thou didst vouchsafe to bless the house of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; let thy angels of light dwell within its walls, and guard it and those that dwell therein. Through Christ our Lord. Amen.

—The Layfolks' Ritual.

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Cincinnati, Ohio, October 7, 1918.

Dear Sister:

The tale of my small share in war activities will seem very tame compared to the real things that have been accomplished, but the loss of an appendix involves the loss of other things, such as time and "pep". But somewhere "over there" are some little families I was able to help, and this is how I did it. On the third story of our home is a room that I dearly love because in it are two looms, a warping board and all things necessary for the weaving of tapestries, table-runners, baby blankets, and all sorts of pretty things. Many kind friends came to my rescue and helped me... In the first place there was Elizabeth Nourse, the Cincinnati artist, who, with her sister, has lived through the dreadful year in Paris, helping ... It was through her we heard the sad tales. She took charge

of the funds we sent over, and applied them. Many of the refugees had lost all sense of values and were unable to buy for themselves, so Elizabeth and her sister set themselves to make every penny go as far as possible. To them came many people who were too proud to go to the Red Cross and public charities,—artists who had no chance of making a livelihood, French mothers who could not bring themselves to ask for

bread when they had been used to every comfort.

The looms were very busy from Christmas until March. We tried to make each article original and attractive and practical at the same time. There were soft woolen babyblankets with bunnies, ducks or pink rosebuds on the borders; there were table-runners with greens and browns and dull reds; there were all varieties of bags. We chose the Hotel Gibson and arranged a counter in the vestibule, made gay with flags and flowers. We were thrilled beyond measure to find we made over one hundred dollars the first day, small in comparison with the millions that have been poured out, but this was such a tiny affair that we were as pleased as children. Altogether last winter we made about \$250.00, and Elizabeth Nourse seems to feel it is going a great way toward winning the war! Dear, brave people on the other side,—how they encourage us who are working over here in what seems to us such a futile way compared to theirs. God bless them all,—it will take Eternity to make up to them for the horrors they have been through.

Devotedly,

DOROTHY SCHMIDT, '05 Oak St., E. DE M.

Marietta, Georgia, November 5.

Dear Sister:

Your letter was forwarded to Indianapolis, and then on to Chicago. I was visiting Gertrude Doud. Byrd told me about your passing through Indianapolis from Notre Dame University last summer. I have been very sick for over a year. I nursed poor little mother for two months, day and night, and after her death went all to pieces... I went north on a

trip. . . My youngest sister, Frances, was taken seriously ill. . . I received a wire one night at 9 o'clock and at 9:30 was on a train headed for home...If I can save Frances any future trouble I will be thankful. We have had such severe sicknesses and three deaths, and I have always been the nurse. I was so glad I was able to take care of my dear ones. I had hoped to remain north until December first and had planned to visit the convent before my return home. You ask what I have been doing for the war. Not so much as I would like. I had a wonderful war garden this summer, and sold a tomato in Atlanta for thirty cents, weight one and one half pounds. I am a perfect bug on food conservation. I canned enough to last all winter, and everything raised on our place. I am very proud of my winter larder. I have given as much as I could to all war interests. We are all members of the Red Cross and Young Women's Christian Association, and I have two sisters in government work. If I had been well I think I should have gotten out into active service. I hope this awful war will soon be over. I know our Convent Year Book will be very interesting and I am sorry I have not something of great importance to give you for it. Love to all the dear Sisters.

Devotedly,

KATE LAW.

Morrow, Ohio.

Dear Sister:

During these times, when our daily tasks call to mind the dreadful condition of the world, we, the Brown County girls, have lots to be thankful for; if only the pleasant recollections of the happy school days, under the care of loving nuns and surrounded by everything that was beautiful.

I think of you very often but have not written lately, because my spare moments are very few, as I think every-

one can say now-a-days.

Since the organization of a branch of the American Red Cross here, I have been secretary, and many days are entirely taken up with letter writing, telephoning and committee meetings, besides surgical dressing class and work in sewing rooms.

But the task, that at first glance appeared unending to us, was the sorting, listing and packing of the clothing donated to the Belgium Relief.

Harry sends his kindest regards to you. He is very busy making saddle hardware for the government. His youngest brother enlisted in the navy a year ago, and is now an officer in the Civil Engineering Department in Washington, D. C.

R. Stewart Riley, my cousin, is a First Lieutenant in the army, and Commanding Officer in a university at Georgetown, Texas.

How I should like to come into the class-rooms of dear old Brown County Convent today, and do "my bit" in the War Work which I know is progressing with Brown County perfection.

Dear Sister give my love to all the Sisters who remember me, especially the poor dear ones, whom I studied under (my sympathy is still with them).

With lots of love for your dear self, I am

Devotedly,

CAROLYN O'DONNELL WHITE.

Cincinnati, Ohio.
October.

Dear Sister:

I think my War Work may be answered very shortly, as the doctor says he thinks the head of the house has had all the work to do, and I am busy in merely seconding his efforts. Our boys are hardly old enough to show their patriotism by soldiering; however, Della's boys are serving in the army, Ralph at Camp Lee, Va., and Edward at Akron, Ohio. Of course I belong to St. Mary's Unit, Hyde Park, and have done the usual bit of work and knitting that the Unit provides... but Sister, the frightful epidemic takes all else from one's mind... going with the doctor this evening to make his rounds,... on one street alone he visited four homes in a row, each with three, four, and five in one family down, and in one house a mother went to bed Saturday morning and died that evening.

One reads of those things, but Sister, it is in the actual contact with these cases that we realize it... We have lost four soldiers right within our block with this disease... Sister dear, remember me to all the dear nuns... Hoping the epidemic will not reach the dear old Brown County, I remain

# Affectionately,

LULU BERING BUSCH.

Mrs. Lulu Bering Busch is the daughter of Mrs. Alice Boyle Bering, and sister of the late Mrs. Della Bering Busch, '92, E. de M., whose two little girls are now being educated at the Convent in accord with the will of their parents, making the third generation of Boyles at Brown County. Another sister is Mrs. Fannie Bering Doppes, E. de M., likewise a member. On the Alumnae Roll are also Mrs. Anna Boyle Roberts, E. de M., and her daughter, Miss Pazzi Roberts, and Mrs. Ada Boyle Wetterer, E. de M., who is one of the Directors of the Alumnae Association, and her daughter, Miss Florence Wetterer, '17, E. de M.

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### BLESSING FOR A SICK MOTHER BEFORE CHILD-BIRTH

Lord God, Creator of all things, strong and terrible, just and merciful, who alone art good and kind; . . . who madest our fathers thy beloved, and sanctifiest them by the power of thy Spirit; who by the co-operation of the Holy Spirit, didst prepare the body and soul of the glorious Virgin Mary . . . to be made a fitting habitation of thy Son; who madest John the Baptist to be filled with the Holy Spirit, and to leap in his mother's womb; accept the sacrifice of a contrite heart, and the fervent prayer of thine handmaid . . . for the preservation of the offspring which thou hast given her to conceive; take care of this woman who is thine and defend her from all craft and injury of the direful enemy . . . that her offspring may come prosperously to this light of day, and may be preserved for holy regeneraation (Baptism), may evermore serve thee in all things, and may merit to attain to everlasting life. Through Christ our Lord. Amen.

—The Layfolks' Ritual.

#### BLESSING FOR A SICK CHILD

O God, who in a wonderful manner dost dispose the ministry of angels and of men, grant we beseech thee that the life of this child may be strengthened upon earth, by those who ever assist thee in thy ministrations in Heaven. Through Christ our Lord. Amen.

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Memphis, Tenn. October 4, 1918.

Dear Sister:

It was good to see your handwriting again... With my husband working indirectly under the government,—that is, he buys all the lint for DuPont that the Allies make their powder out of, -... my brother a captain of a submarine, my cousin a colonel in France, and my other three cousins in the service, our family is interested in little else. I lost no time in taking the Surgical Dressing Course and have been inspecting in our Red Cross, which I am proud to say ranks second to none. While in Philadelphia last summer and in Washington, in June, there were no better equipped rooms to be found. I took a course of home nursing last summer, as trained nurses will be hard to secure in private homes. I have rather fallen down on the knitting. I made one sweater, several pairs of wristlets and a scarf. I have been writing to four Belgian soldiers, two have been killed in action. My other two War Sons have been in service since the very beginning of the fight. I have also a little French orphan who interests me very much. So with the financial calls to which Mr. Burrows has been most generous, there is little time or inclination for anything else. Mr. Burrows has worked himself to the verge of a breakdown. You see he organized the DuPont American Industries this summer. We expect to go to California to stay some months... Brown County's Diamond Jubilee sounds royal indeed. Kindest regards to all....

CATHERINE WALTERS BURROWS.

Dear Sister:

Chattanooga, Tenn.

... The Chaplain's Aid is doing splendid work. We organized one year ago this month, and our work has increased

each month. We have affiliated ourselves with the National Chaplain's Aid Association in New York, the National Catholic War Council of Washington, and the local branch of the National Service League in Chattanooga. We are the local assistants of the Knights of Columbus both in town here and at the Park, and have recognition from the Knights of Columbus War Council. So you see we are on the map! I am now preparing my annual report and I shall try to give you a brief idea, if I can be brief on my pet theme. We have one hundred and twenty-five members, and have launched a membership campaign. Our dues are three dollars. These are the committees: Music Committee, Funeral Committee, Hospital Visiting Committee, Entertainment Committee.

The Music Committee at one time served at five Masses at the Park, but now with the coming in of the draft men there is so much talent among them that the Chaplains have interested the men in singing for the Masses. But the girls sing at every Catholic funeral. This past week has surely been a busy one-sixty-seven funerals in seven days. Sister, I wish you could see a soldier's funeral—cold things at the best, and yet-we help furnish flowers, and in the hand of every Catholic boy is placed a crucifix. Then the Chaplain reads some prayers,—there is a song or two, always "Nearer My God to Thee," then the band takes its place, all fall in line, band, firing squad, chaplains and officers, and last of all the hearse, with three soldiers walking on each side. I can hear their Dead March in my sleep sometimes. Last week there was three funerals in one day, seven in each group. I thought that was dreadful but Mrs. K. told me there were sixty-eight today.

The Committee attends every Catholic funeral. The Chaplains notify us when the boy is a Catholic, then the Chairman places a crucifix in the dead soldier's hand and gets his name. We have a Mass said for every Catholic boy who dies at the camp. They have been coming in so fast lately—Father X said he would send in the list just as soon as he could catch his breath.

We have also a Committee who go out to sew at the Knights of Columbus building. Besides all this we have adopted a French orphan, we gather books for the library,

we have collected for the Belgian Relief Fund and a hundred

other smaller things.

All the above work is our own, but some of our best work is done through the Service League. It has charge of the hospital visiting, and the wards are assigned to various organizations. We asked for and got three wards,—the largest number handled by any organization. The beds run from seventyfive to a hundred and twenty. The Chairman of the Hospital Visiting Committee is, by the way, an old Brown County girl, Mrs. Carl White, nee Mary Mitchell, and she certainly is the one for the place. Magazines, cigarettes, and chewing gum are taken out every Thursday, and enough girls to help. and cheer the boys. You would be surprised how the boys look forward to Thursday afternoon. About the last of August we gave a party to some eighty convalescents on Lookout Mountain and served them a nice supper, and they had a good time. Every Friday our Committee goes out to the hospital mending rooms and mends or makes things used in the hospital. This, by the way, is one of the largest military hospitals in the country. Besides these things, we do a lot of small things for the Service League, such as making sandwiches, lemonade, and the like, for various affairs. If things remain as bad as they are now, the Service League will open up soup kitchens in various parts of the town for destitute families and we will take one. Many of our girls have gone out as volunteer nurses or are doing relief work in the town. I cannot go as a nurse on mother's account, but I do what relief work I can.

One point that might be of interest to those who are doing similar work is the way in which we conduct our Saturday night dances. The hall is open to any soldier that wishes to come, but no girl is allowed in the building unless she is a member of the Chaplain's Aid or holds a card of invitation issued by some member of the Chaplain's Aid. The members are limited to two such invitations. You see in this way we know every girl on the floor, and we figure that as long as the girls are all right only the right sort of men will come. I suppose you know I am president of the Chaplain's Aid and there are one hundred and twenty-five members. We organized a year ago this month, thanks to you. Our dances at the

Knights of Columbus building are literally held in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament. Only a small double door on the stage shuts us out, and the Blessed Sacrament is kept on a small altar back of this door. There now! I'd hate to have to edit this letter. I might have told interesting things if I were not so deadly interested in this Chaplain's Aid! Pray for us.

Affectionately,

MARGUERITE AULL, '02, E. DE M.

Hyattsville, Md., October 6, 1918.

My dear Sister:

It is with great pleasure that I comply with the patriotic request of the Alumnae Officers. I have charge of the Liberty Loan and Thrift, being Chairman of the Food Conservation, having twenty-five assistants. For stimulating interest I organized a parade through our village, ... Senior and Junior Red Cross, School Children, Fire Department, Odd Fellows, prominent citizens, Boy and Girl Scouts, etc., and had the bell ringing-St. Jerome's-during the parade, which was headed by Uncle Sam and Columbia and a band; it halted before the Municipal Building for an address by our fellow townsman, Mr. Matthew F. Halloran, whose two sons, together with my own, were among the very first to reach the foreign shores. He unfurled the service flag with its ninetyfive stars,—thirty-eight per cent of Hyattsville's eligible population. At the Town Hall the Governor of the State delivered an appeal which realized \$10,000 in Liberty Bonds, and this after the town had previously been solicited from door to door. The town trebled its quota, winning the Honor Flag. I have been active in the Red Cross also, and have knitted fourteen army sweaters, six helmets and a dozen pairs of wristlets, while my two daughters, Dorothy and Helen, have completed their twelfth pair of socks. Give my love to all the dear nuns who may remember their old pupil.

LUCY DAUGHERTY AMAN.

Maysville, Ky., December 4.

Dear Mother, Sisters, Friends:

When I think of the triumphant record of American young womanhood in the great war, the part I have played in my country's heroic pageant seems so small, it is with profound humility and only in obedience to the call sent to the daughters of the Ursulines that I submit the following answer to your questions. In Red Cross activities I have been appointed Inspector of Knitting with the workers of Mason County, which, of course, includes Maysville, under my jurisdiction. I am proud to say we have been complimented and congratulated on our splendid work, and any work O. K.'d by us is not inspected at headquarters. My nephew is in the navy. My cousin, whom we loved as one of closer kinship, volunteered for Y. M. C. A. work, and gloriously passed from its blessed and arduous duties into eternity's life.—for who would call such passing death? Of course, Liberty Bonds, Thrift Stamps, War Funds, Food Conservation are all tenets of my patriotic creed. Could I face the boys in khaki and say less? My catalogue is brief,—as nothing before the little cross in France that stands sentinel above the sanctuary of each young hero who gave the superlative gift of his life. I am more than glad to be enrolled in the new book and take pleasure in sending my initiation fee. Love to one and all.

Sincerely,

EMMA GEISEL PARRY.

New York City, December 11.

Dear Sister:

I was indeed pleased to hear from you and would like to be enrolled as a regular member of Brown County Alumnae, and enclose cheque for amount of dues. I have been greatly interested in War Work up to the present. Mr. Cassidy is also doing everything within his power. The enclosed refers to my father's employees in Cincinnati during the last drive. The Captain of the Team reported that the Sullivan Shoe

Company is 100% in subscriptions by employees. They were addressed by Rev. Michael Ryan, S. J., and Mrs. B. O. Treadway. All the employees knelt and recited the Lord's Prayer. I am very proud, Sister, of my sweet niece, Gertrude Sullivan, who was graduated from your Walnut Hills School last June. Kindly accept greetings and fondest love. Believe me,

Affectionately,

Mollie Sullivan Cassidy.



Miss Louise Marsh, of Columbus, Ohio, Class of who, with Mrs. Mary Reaume Drum, presided at the first Alumnae Meeting, June, 1910, is still at the Front, "Somewhere in France", as a member of the New York Presbyterian Hospital Unit, and we are all very proud of her record during this terrible war. She has served almost continuously since 1914, and has been cited for Bravery by the British. Her hospital has been at Etretat, France, but she has been transferred at times to different places as she was needed. Louise has made a brilliant record. She was graduated young, and after her debut made a brief winter of society in Columbus and then entered from choice the Presbyterian Hospital in New York, where she finally rose to the responsibility of head of the entire Surgical Department. At the outbreak of the European War, Dr. Blake of New York, cabled her to come over and assist him in the American Ambulance Hospital at Neuilly. After her winter there, Miss Marsh, returning to New York, was called upon to organize the Quarantine Hospital for Infantile Paralysis, at Islip, Long Island. Next she went with the bacteriologists on a scientific investigation trip to Brazil. Two weeks after her return found her a member of the Presbyterian Hospital Unit in France in which her brilliant powers and rare spirit soon attracted the notice of the authorities. One of her interesting letters is given here:

> Belgium, August 8, 1917.

... I am now in Belgium at Casualty Clearing Station No. 47, about six miles from the firing line... with Drs. Brewer and Darrick of our Unit, to assist at the British Casualty in

the Operating Theatre... In one twenty-four hours this

Casualty Clearing handled one thousand wounded.

The operating theatre has seven tables going as quickly as possible, and you may imagine what the scene is like... One day we started receiving at 9 A. M. and operated steadily until 4:30 next morning. I lay down in my clothes from 6 P. M. until 9:30, then on again until midnight. I went to bed at 2 A. M., back again at 9 A. M. and worked until midnight, when there was a lull. We now wait until the next move...

Briefly, to outline the general management, wounded are brought to a receiving tent, examined and distributed according to need, to dressing tent, pre-operating tent, resuscitation tent, then operating theatre. A railroad with hospital trains is a few yards away to carry down to the Base Hospital as occasion requires. It is a wonderful system really. Everything but the operating theatre is canvas. We are living in tents, sleeping on cots between blankets. The tents are waterproof, and after a week of rain we have managed to keep dry. Mud, Heavens, but the mud! You have read about the trenches and the mud, but here it is beyond anything anyone can imagine. ... Some of the wounded tell of lying in mud and water for several days out in No Man's Land, and then reviving enough to crawl back, to be picked up by the stretcher bearers. The pre-operative ward is a ghastly sight, with some lying upon blood-filled stretchers, themselves soaked with mud and gore. One wonders if the world has gone mad!

Last Sunday there was held in a tent, a service of Commemoration and Intercession... We had a very wonderful address by a Presbyterian Minister from Glasgow, who is serving with the troops. The guns were booming away in the distance, and now and again one heard the whistle of a shell sailing overhead, and the ploop of its bursting. I am experiencing things at first hand, and as near the actual conflict

as any women are allowed.

We have been here two weeks and shall stay several more, then back to Base Hospital in France...It took us two days by motor to come here and it was a lovely journey, for the country in Flanders is as beautiful as in France.

There is a trench back of our quarters for the nurses to get into in case we are shelled; and we have been provided

with metal helmets as protection; also with a most efficient gas mask, in case our place is gassed. If anything of the kind happens, I should like to be done for quickly and entirely.

The English Nursing Sisters are certainly wonders to have endured this life for several years, for the winters must be horrors, with the cold and discomforts of camp-life.

While in London I purchased woolen stockings and a pair of "brogues" (very heavy leather boots), which have been a very great comfort in the operating room, where the floor gets muddy with the tramping in and out of the stretcherbearers. We wear long rubber coats to work in, and one night I wore my galoshes over my boots. I have a German helmet for a souvenir. It is not a beautiful object, to be sure. We operated upon two of the "Fritzes" at our table. They are, of course, left until all of our men are finished, in the meantime fed and well cared for. It was quite amusing when the first Fritz appeared; we peered at him as though the species were unknown; as a matter of fact, he looked just like the variety that walk the streets of New York.

I am well, and very happy to be here doing my part. Good-bye for this time.

Affectionately,

Louise Marsh.



Mrs. Florence Smith Van Cleve is a niece of Father Dutton who used to be always the center of a group of little children wherever he went, in the olden times at Brown County. For years he gave the Pupil's Course of Christian Doctrine, and was one of the loved and trusted advisers of the Community. The diaries and journals of those days frequently mention his name. It was Father Dutton who saved the situation at risk of his life when the gashouse caught fire. He came to St. Martin as Parish Priest in 1863, built the present brick church, consecrated in 1866, together with the St. Martin grave-yard, and remained in Brown County until 1882. Sister Mary remembers well the pew in which she sat the morning of that

consecration, as Mary O'Keefe; she took the cap in a few months and, when the next year, the old frame church on the lower lawn was taken down, the cross on its tower was given into her charge and carefully stored away. Today it stands in the cemetery, where she still keeps her eye on it. Between the Foundresses, Notre Mère amd Ma Mère and Father Dutton there existed a loyal friendship that never was broken. He used to say daily Mass in the Nuns Infirmary for Notre Mère in her last days. To Mother Theresa and Mother Ursula he continued his kindnesses. Florence Smith Van Cleve is the child of his sister Mary, enrolled at Brown County in 1852. When she died, her sister, Mrs. Sallie Dutton Thompson, Class of 1862, now living in South Orange, New Jersey, took care of the child, who grew up at Brown County.

New York City, Thanksgiving Day, 1918.

Dear Sister:

I regret that after much forwarding, your letter reached me too late to write for the Year Book. I have, of course, tried to do my best during these stirring times. I have worked under the Red Cross Emergency Canteen, feeding the hungry hordes of soldiers in our two big stations here and especially on the docks. Our hours there were long and early, one-thirty A. M., until noon, sometimes, as most of our transports sailed at night. Such blessed work and such a privilege! We were the last to see our boys as they embarked, and the first to greet the returning ones! I joined a unit going to England for the same work there, but two days before sailing date I caught the Spanish Flu, my unit sailed without me and I was done up for weeks, and then came Peace! Ten days ago, however, the Red Cross said women were still needed over there and so I expected to sail, but yesterday the government had a cable saying no more women were needed. I am disappointed but shall work here instead. Our boys are returning wounded, sick and well, by thousands so there is still work to do on the dock, giving the returning heroes hot coffee, cigarettes, and buns, which they hail with such gratitude. Our men ready

for overseas duty were an inspiration,—no men finer, I am sure, in all the world. Their strength, and best of all, their spirit, was wonderful! I am sure if William Hohenzollern had seen our boys embarking as we did, he would have weakened even sooner. Isn't it joyous to have it all over at last? Mrs. Mitchell, my cousin, Mrs. Pearl Lincoln Mitchell, made her sacrifice nobly when the war came to us—three sons, one grandson, a son-in-law and a grand-son-in-law! All in it! and, thank God, all safe. It seems too good to be true. Winifred Jones Ovitt dined with me last night; we talked of Brown County and you. It was good to hear from you once more. . I regret that I cannot claim the verses appearing in the Times under the name of Florence Van Cleve. I have been given credit for years, and I wish I could claim them. Please remember me affectionately to all who recall this "old" pupil.

Affectionately,
FLORENCE SMITH VAN CLEVE, '97, E. DE M.

Mrs. Sara Liebke Hatton's answer to the challenge, "What War Work have you? was a photograph of a beautiful, curly-headed laddie of four and a half years, the younger of two, whose bright face, erect shoulders and strapping little legs augur well for the America of tomorrow.

The colleges are not the only war-training schools. What of the nursery? says Mrs. Hatton.

But the Babies, bless them! the Babies! The Babies held up a regular Hindenburg Line against War Work. What cared they for the Kaiser's advance! Just let him go 'till we get our khaki! shouted our new Alumnae Babies. And so they came, fighting their way into this big round world, and kicking with the joy of life, and shaking their fists at everything, and giving much promise of being better fighters than these mere fathers of theirs. Just give them a chance to get over the top!...

And so, little Mothers, and little Mothers-to-be, whose letters are perhaps significantly absent, in the name of your country, we decorate you as the greatest War Workers of all.

Mrs. Marguerite Ibold Broeman,

Mrs. Mary Baird Ardery,

Mrs. Clotilde Rampe Herschede, Mrs. Florence Maginnis Walsh,

Mrs. Harriet Bartelme Tideman,

Mrs. Viola Godbe Werk,

Mrs. Lena Reichert-Renner,

Mrs. Mary Lynch Shannon,

Mrs. Alice Grever Hogan,

Mrs. Josephine Clasgens Dittmar,

Mrs. Florence Grever Ryan, Mrs. Mary Lynch Shannon,

and indeed, all those who have not as yet made wireless connection with Brown County... The Central office for these deep secrets is the Chapel where prayers like "merchants most do congregate."

It has been proposed to have a Baby Picture show for the Diamond Jubilee. Which is going to win the Croix de

Guerre?

Chillicothe, O., October, 1918.

Dear Sister:

I am sorry I am so late in answering your letter, but we have been having such terrible experiences over here for the last two weeks that everything else went out of my head. I refer to the awful epidemic at Camp Sherman. The cantonment is so close to us, just at the edge of town, and we were eyewitnesses to the awful tragedy, that is the only thing I can call it, for up to today over a thousand have died. As soon as the poor fellows died, their bodies were brought down-town to the undertaker's rooms, but as these rooms soon became too small the whole long square became a morgue. In a new theatre that had just been built, and across the street in a

large garage were long, pitiful rows of the poor fellows, and along the street up and down every place were coffins. Saturday, Sunday and Monday were the three days we thought would never end, for those were the days of the crisis and we knew hundreds were dying out at camp and we couldn't do anything to help them. Sunday we could not even go to Church as all churches and places of public gatherings were closed, so we spent the whole day making face masks for the doctors, nurses and patients at the camp. I think we made about five thousand that day, and as their folding is quite intricate and a good deal of sewing to be done on them, we were quite proud of our work, and we were only too glad to have something to occupy our minds. I think if the occurrences of those two weeks had been prolonged, half of our citizens would have had nervous prostration, as the soldiers themselves said, "this is war", and many of them I think would have preferred the trenches. The situation is much better now out at camp,

but there is much sickness in town.

I have belonged to the Red Cross ever since the War started, helping with masks, surgical dressings, etc., not the head of any organization, but just a willing worker; but the most work I have engaged in is something that is just peculiar to our town on account of the proximity of Camp Sherman. For instance, in August an appeal came from the Base Hospital to please help mend garments for the hospital, three thousand bath-robes alone, besides doctor's surgical aprons and thousands of pajamas, etc. We were taken out three times a week in Red Cross ambulances to the hospital, and finally finished them all. How happy we were to know that they were all ready for the poor fellows during the epidemic when they were needed so badly. Then we had no more than finished them when another appeal came from the camp to help mend fourteen thousand blouses for the soldiers. The new draftees are given these garments and then before they go overseas they are given new outfits, the blouses are heavy woolen shirts. We had just started at this work when the epidemic began, so we have that all ahead of us as we were not permitted to gather together to sew during the quarantine. I am also a solicitor for the Fourth Liberty Loan, and although I collected only the modest sum of a thousand dollars, it meant work, for the district I was given to canvass was in the poorer

quarter of town.

Two nephews, lieutenants in the Rainbow Division, are in France, and three cousins, one of whom is an aviator in Italy, are all fighting the good fight of our dear country. This all seems to me like boasting but if it is for the glory of Alma Mater I am content. There is so much I could have done and would have loved to have done during this epidemic, but I was suffering with a cold myself and was afraid to venture into camp. For instance, two Catholic ladies went out every night to the Knights of Columbus building and sat up all night attending to wants of the heart-broken relatives of the sick and dying soldiers. I was so sorry I could not go.

GERTRUDE CAHILL, '88, E. DE M.

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### BLESSING FOR A SCHOOL

Lord Jesus Christ, who didst say to thy apostles: In whatsoever house ye enter, salute it, saying Peace be to this house; we ask that peace may come to this house destined for the teaching of children, and upon all its indwellers, teaching and learning in it; and do thou deign, Lord, Lord, to snatch and set them free from every harm; fill the teachers in this place with the spirit of knowledge and wisdom and thy fear; fill the pupils herein with thy grace, that what is fittingly and usefully taught, their intellect may grasp, their heart retain, and they may carry out in deed, and that in all thy name may be honored.

Upon our entrance, therefore, deign to bless and sanctify this school, and within the walls of this house may the angels of thy light dwell and keep those who abide herein, those teaching and those learning. Who livest

and reignest for ever and ever. Amen.

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The Oak Street graduates of the last four or five years have not been lacking in the patriotic spirit of Cincinnati. A bevy of bright little letters have come in from them: Alice Collins, Class of 1917, is Children's Librarian at the Public Library and she writes: "I marched in the parade November

thirteenth, with the American Library Association and I am a member of the Red Cross. I bought a Bond of the Second, Third and Fourth Liberty Loans, and am still buying Thrift Stamps: I have promised to pay one dollar a month to the War Chest, I would like to do more but other duties also call for attention. I hope to make the Retreat at Oak Street next week and to see the sisters again."

Angela Moorman writes: "I have donated to the Red Cross and to the War Chest Fund and have Liberty Bonds and Thrift Stamps. I have done some work in the Quartermaster's Department as stenographer. I helped send out letters for a few days to recruit men for the marines. You certainly have my very best wishes for the success of the book.

Zita Fallon says: "Outside of helping all I could during our different drives and writing on an average eight letters a week to friends "over there", my active service has been rather limited, to my sorrow. Girls my age were really just at the wrong age. You could not go abroad. "Oh, no, my dear, you're entirely too young!" I only wished I could have worn a high collar, plastered my hair and affected thirty-five! The only thing of interest I could show would be letters from over there, they certainly make one proud of our American boys. I just received a lovely letter from a boy, an aviator, who was wounded in four places, in flight over the enemy lines."

Adele Kipp says that now that the war is over she is certainly glad of the little she did to help and only wishes she could have done more: "I was a member of the Good Samaritan Red Cross Unit which met every Wednesday, and later, Thursday, too. I also assisted in the Red Cross Drives and did quite a bit of knitting...."

Margaret White interested herself in the Red Star Animal Relief Society, inasmuch as the horse and mule were necessary for the winning of the war. "I did executive work and soliciting for the Red Cross Drive and volunteer clinical work in the Americanization Society for Immigrants. My brother and three cousins are fighting for our country."

Edith Thoman wrote, too: "Of my two brothers in the army I am justly proud, and between writing faithfully to them, doing a little Red Cross work and studying at the University, my days have not been idle. I am always thankful that it does not take time to buy Liberty Bonds. But my work has not been extensive. I have not been one of the leaders of men, only part of the mass, shouting 'Lead, and I follow'."

From Eleanor McDevitt we hear: "Besides attending classes at 'Varsity every day, (Cincinnati University) I have been acting as Society Editor of the Cincinnati Tribune. Sister, I fear my war 'Bit' will look rather meagre beside that of really energetic workers such as I know many of the Brown County Alumnae are. When War broke out I took a Nurse's Aid Course at the General Hospital, received my certificate and volunteered for foreign service, but when the Red Cross found I lacked five years of the required age they could not accept me. However, I was a member of the Good Samaritan Red Cross Unit and did clerical work for the War Chest Fund. Several weeks ago I applied at the Commercial for one of the drafted men's places. The editor was on the verge of accepting me when peace was declared, so instead of giving me a man's place he took me as Society Editor. I think a War Number pleases me immensely. It is surely a splendid and unique plan.

Lovingly,

ELEANOR McDevitt.

Philadelphia, December 8, 1018.

Dear Sister:

You must have wondered why you did not hear from me, but I have not been at all well and in the war I've been able to do so little. I'm not worth a mention! Since I lost my husband, my mother, and last spring my darling grandson, I have been out of everything. Now I am better, and am house-keeping here, but it is not like home and the big house we are used to. The women of Philadelphia have been wonderful in

every way. I have only been able to belong to a committee which has always done for the hospital at Neuilly, near Paris, now the American Military Hospital, N. T., and during the summer we worked and made thousands of dressings for the French wounded, the Red Cross not allowing us to take the work away from the rooms. I am one of the Emergency Aid. We are divided up into everything for all countries. Perhaps later I may send you a paper printed last month, for they are splendid workers. It seems an age since I was a child at dear Brown County!... Sister, I was only there three years, thirteen to fifteen, then I was sent to Europe. I hope some time to go to see you, but my journeys to Cincinnati are always sad ones... How differently we shall all look at death after this,—our wonderful soldiers have taught us that. With love to any Sisters who may remember me, and with many thanks for the little prayer,—I know and love it well,—and many excuses for not writing, I am

Affectionately,
Alice Van Antwerp Lea.

Los Angeles, California, December 6.

Dear Sister:

Your request for a few lines has not been forgotten. I fully meant to surprise all Brown County by a faithful and glad compliance. But as my War Work was of a very modest sort, I waited, hoping, like the optimistic Mr. Micawber, that at the last moment something would turn up. And it did—the Flu!... rendering me hors de combat for weeks and ending all hopes of a creditable showing in the Year Book or of adding a laurel to my beloved Alma Mater. That she needs not my meagre help the roster of her worthier daughters will amply testify. But if they also serve who only stand and wait, I proudly retire behind my fine young nephew, sole scion of our houses, now serving in the Chemical Warfare Division of the Engineer Corps, as proof that I have been so near the innermost soul of it all, that my heart still quakes at the recollection. May the Year Book be a pronounced success, show up the old girls in most patriotic guise, and

bring credit galore to the dear Convent. I look forward to it with eager anticipation, hoping I am not in arrears in accounts, but "haeing ma doots, ma doots—"

With love to all the nuns, the dear old trees, the buildings,

the very grass.

Ever most affectionately and gratefully,

BETTY M. CARTER, '67, E. DE M.

Owensboro, Ky., December 3.

Dear Sister:

Your letter about War Work was not received until Thanksgiving morning, when we returned home, after having been gone over two months. A month of that time I spent with Mr. Little at Mercy Hospital,—a severe case of influenza, contracted in Chicago. As to War Work, I have been on the wing practically all the time since I married. I don't think in the aggregate that we have spent two months here, I did, however, take the Surgical Dressings Course, and helped out at the Red Cross now and then, but aside from that,—nothing. As it happened, I was absent during each of the Drives. I am very proud though of three brother-in-laws, in service; one has been across four or five times, another, a Captain Physician at a First Aid hospital in France, and a third in training. And we all of course have bought Liberty Bonds, and subscribed to, and given clothing to the French and Belgians. But I am late and can only say that I am anticipating your book with much pleasure. I trust you had a pleasant Thanksgiving, and with kindest wishes for the coming Holiday Season,

> I am sincerely, Elfie Schumann Little.

> > Cincinnati, Ohio, October 13, 1918.

Dear Sister:

What a splendid idea to make the Book a War Work Number, for really there is nothing else one can put heart into these days. Your question, at the same time, makes me hide my diminished head, for the few knitted garments and surgical dressings I have done are negligible. But I would love to tell you what the Linwood Junior Red Cross has done as that

organization is under my charge.

On rainy days, when the children effervesce with original and acquired sin, and a crowded curriculum drives to madness, one is sometimes inclined to think that laundry work or charring would be a rosy path of dalliance, compared with teaching. But just propose something that appeals to the children's generous impulses, ... and the "trailing clouds of glory" are very evident. I know whereof I speak, for we enrolled 350 children, although the 25-cent fee meant rigid self-denial in many cases. In five months they knitted 47 sweaters, 25 hemlets, 6 trench caps, 60 pairs of wristlets, 3 pairs of socks, 2 ambulance blankets; and they made 14 utility bags, 10 comfort pillows, 5 semaphore flags, 12 complete layettes, and collected 400 books for the camp libraries and several barrels of clothes for the refugees. Twenty-five garments in each layette occupied a good many children and they were dainty enough to delight any mother's heart. Some of the boys became expert knitters, but most of them devoted themselves to oakum picking; they turned in 40 pounds. One hour a week of school time was given to the Red Cross; the rest of the work was ungrudgingly done in play time. We have seventy stars in the school service flag, and a monthly letter is written to each boy. At Xmas I got the names of some lonely soldiers, who would probably be forgotten, and we sent them Xmas boxes. Every one who put a gift in the box had either to earn the money to buy it, or deprive himself of something, yet gifts poured in until I peremptorily called a halt. One small girl brought a well-thumbed copy of Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves, "because it's such a lovely story". I tried to make her see that little girls and soldiers have different tastes in stories, but after four successive days of the same pitiful plea, I relented and slipped the book in. When the letter of thanks came and the boys found that one of their soldier-proteges was an Alaskan Indian, their boyish souls were filled with rapture. Candy is almost taboo in our school. ... My cousin, Frank McHugh Ferguson, Lieut., only nineteen, ... has been assigned as Military Instructor at the University of Wisconsin...but longing for overseas service...I've written at length because I've been riding my hobby,... please bluepencil it,... How does it feel to go to Mass on Sunday?... I find sleeping late on Sundays gives an uncanny sort of feeling... the epidemic seems now to be under control... Give Mother Superior and every one my warmest love. I shall be so anxious to see the Year Book to know what our Alumnae are doing. It is sure to be something fine! Believe me always

# Affectionately,

FLORENCE McNamara, E. DE M., '91.

P. S.—I asked Mama "What War Work, shall I tell Sister you have done?" and for answer she produced the enclosed clipping:

This message to my soul was brought,
"Thy proud ambitions from thee fling,
Renounce what seems the loftier lot,
And do the lowlier thing."

So I put down the brush and pen, And straightway to the kitchen sped; I scoured the pots and pans and then I baked the daily bread.

And somehow when the work was done And home-folk sat them down to eat, I felt as though a crown I'd won And Duty's praise was sweet.

As a matter of fact, Mama (Mrs. Ella Ferguson Mc-Namara) has done a very practical work. You know she is a marvelous bread-maker, and when the Government asked that substitutes for wheat flour be used, she worked out some simple recipes for War Bread that is a joy and a delight. We had a number of copies made and distributed to homes where people wanted to meet the Government's requirements, but did not know how.

Tuscaloosa, Ala., Sunday, October, 1918.

Dear Sister:

Your letter was so welcome and I will certainly contribute

my mite towards the Year Book.

First of all, my oldest son, Capt. Shiras A. Blair, Junior Aviator and Chief Engineer of Ebert's Aviation Field, Lonoke, Ark., has been in service three years, finishing his aviation training at Mineola, N. Y., in class with Lieut. Quentin Roosevelt. He is still in this country doing expert work.... Oliver Peter Blair is preparing for the navy. The Hospital Garment Department of the Tuscaloosa Chapter of the Red Cross is under my supervision as Chairman. Then too, I am a Four-Minute-Man, for all patriotic work. My two girls are married and each has a daughter. They are interested in Red Cross work. Our Chapter is a very flourishing organization. We have the second floor of our large, well furnished Federal Building and occupy the different rooms with the various branches of the work. My only brother gave his life for his country during the last Liberty Loan Campaign,—pneumonia from exposure in working for the Campaign, as his bank had charge. . . All economies of the government are ours. We can do so little compared with what our boys at the front do,—we do it most cheerfully. The University of Alabama is just up the street from us; out there, there are nearly five hundred select men, and over a thousand students, so we will be busy this winter. Please remember me to my teachers and friends.

Sincerely yours,

EDNA SHIRAS BLAIR.

Martinsburg, W. Va., October 6, 1918.

My dear Sister:

I am very glad to tell you of my War Work, though it is very commonplace and not at all thrilling. Of course, I have been working at the Red Cross rooms ever since the Chapter was organized, and I really enjoy making the surgical dressings. I do this at least one day a week, and knit all odd

moments between times. This summer we have had a wonderful garden, and I have preserved, canned, pickled, and catsuped, till every jar, can, bottle is filled, and I swell with pride when I view the result. The Chapter of D. A. R. to which I belong has adopted a French orphan and is knitting for the Destroyer Stribling, named for the admiral of that name born in Martinsburg. As a family, we are not enthusiastic about corn bread, but we have a collie dog that must be fed something so he uncomplainingly eats the "Substitute". Mr. McLanahan's business, superintending limestone quarries whose output is used in making steel, necessitated an automobile last Sunday, during which ride I felt like sitting on the floor of the car. I was so ashamed to be seemingly breaking the gasless Sunday. Will you please tell me what dues I owe, as I don't want to miss the Year Book. It is the only Brown County news I ever hear, as I never meet any of the girls. I have a nephew and a cousin in the army in France and another nephew in the eighteen-year-old class, as wireless operator... I hope this will answer all your questions.

Affectionately,

GENEVIEVE HESSER McLANAHAN.

Louisville, Ky., October 10.

My Dear Sister:

These are indeed busy days... I have given my mornings since school closed for the influenza to the War Kitchen, making wine jelly and other things for the sick soldiers at Camp Zachary Taylor. Every minute of last school year was crowded to the utmost, as from September till June, I was Secretary to the Chairman of the Junior Red Cross of Louisville, and had complete charge of this work in 15 schools. At close of school when the work was inspected and the report sent in, we were astonished at the work the little children had done. The school of which I had charge sent two hundred complete baby outfits, even hoods and jackets... The color scheme was pale blue, and I am sure if I saw a Belgian baby in one of our outfits I should certainly adopt it on the spot!

... carry it around in my knitting bag, I suppose... In my free time I go around with a sock in my hand, like dear old Mother Berchmans,—or perhaps a sweater tucked under my arm... sometimes it is hard to tell which works faster, my needles or my tongue. Mother Berchmans was right when she said a woman's education was not complete until she learned how to knit. My first was so small it was dainty for a debutante instead of a husky soldier, ... then I ripped it out and this time it came out big enough for a giant... you know when Mary Gale Cawthon begins to talk she is like a barrel going down hill, it is impossible to stop her. I do hope that all this dreadful war will soon be over with its sufferings and sorrows, and we can all have a good old time reunion with those we love at Brown County.

Devotedly,

MARY GALE CAWTHON, E. DE M.

Cincinnati, Ohio, October 17, 1918.

My Dear Sister:

Last spring the Red Cross used the Loring Andrews Co. as headquarters for the Drive. So we decided to form a Unit of our own. Mrs. Donaldson, the Secretary of the Stage Women' sWar Relief Committee was in the city and she suggested that we make vests for aviators. Through the daily papers we made a drive for old kid gloves. The gloves and scraps of leather poured in in showers from Cincinnati and neighboring towns in Ohio and Kentucky, until we were deluged! Mr. Fenton kindly donated his services cleaning them. We piece the gloves on a white muslin lining, using gray or khaki colored canton flannel for the outer surface; then we bind them together with braid and this makes a perfectly wind-proof garment which the boys wear under their sweaters. Our next shipment will be to an Aviation Field in Texas, as the boys sent a special request. My brother Mark is Commanding Officer of the 111th Mobile Ordnance Repair Shop. His repair shop is just behind the lines in France, and the trucks they use in this work are marvels. They carry a

lathe, drill press, air compressors, air and electric drills, oxyacetylene welding outfits, and their own electric lighting plant. This outfit is capable of repairing anything, from a pair of shoes to a large field gun or a motor truck. The patriotism and ingenuity of our men calls for an equal response on our part, although our tasks are meagre... I sincerely trust that all the good nuns are well...

Affectionately,

LUCILLE CARROLL.

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#### BLESSING FOR AN INFANT

O Lord Jesus Christ, Son of the living God, who begotten before all ages, didst however, choose to be born in time as an infant, and lovest the innocence of that age; who didst tenderly embrace and bless the little children that were presented to thee; deign to prevent this child with the blessings of sweetness, and grant that wickedness may not alter its understanding, and that increasing in age, wisdom and grace, it may always please thee; who livest and reignest forever. Amen.

—The Layfolks' Ritual.

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A number of notes have come in from busy wives and mothers who have best served their country by

"Keeping the Home Fires Burning."

Sickness, and the thousand household cares, that only a mother shoulders, have kept this brave little army,—never, thank God, to be mustered out—close at their sentinel post—the American Home.

Mrs. Jennie Freschard Wagner writes, and Mrs. Ada Boyle Wetterer, and Miss Gertrude Hulsman, and Mrs. Katherine Elster Kelley; and besides these Mrs. Margaret Hurd Davis of Denver, Mrs. Blanche Thomas Harris, and Mrs. Katrina Aull Enneking of Cincinnati, Mrs. Frances of Hamilton, O., Miss Alice Vattier of Cincinnati, Mrs. Frances Seymour Walsh and Miss Amelia, of Cincinnati, Mrs. Nettie Green Maguire and Mrs. Josie Daly Anderson of St. Louis, and Mrs. Virginia Walker Martin of Hot Springs, Ark.

Mrs. Grace Kehoe Grace, with her sister Winifred, made her First Communion at Brown County in the nineties under Mother Agnes' care. They are half sisters of Libbie Kehoe, (E. de M., June 8, 1877) who later became Sister Mary Basil, beloved of all who knew her. She died in 1908. Their father was Mr. Laurence J. Kehoe of the Catholic Publication Society, who brought his children to Brown County from New York, saying he understood it was the best school in the country. He was one of the vigorous pioneers of the Catholic Press in this country and was always a favorite visitor at the Convent, staying always at the Priest House, a rare privilege.

Brooklyn, N. Y. October 18.

Dear Sister:

Your letter gives rise to a flood of memories and brings to mind vividly the contrast in our home today as compared with our home two years ago when you were in New York. The four-star service flag in our window explains the quiet of our home now, for not only did our own four boys rush off at their country's first call, but also their chums, those many fine lads who were in the habit of gathering here in jolly groups each evening. All are serving Uncle Sam on land or sea. The letters are so wonderfully interesting, it makes one feel that the very most we can do here is little compared to what they are so cheerfully doing. As the 106th Machine Gun Battalion, with which Frank and Albert are identified, is composed largely of Brooklyn boys, we have a very active Women's Auxiliary, and I may say we have been doing some good work.

Through special privilege granted us by the French Consul, we are this week shipping to our boys six hundred dollars' worth of socks, all knitted by members or friends of the Auxiliary. From time to time we send quantities of cigarettes, soap, and chocolate, and at Xmas each boy receives from us a box of gifts and a five-dollar gold piece. We aim to keep something under way all the time. I devote one day each week to canteen service for the Knights of Columbus, it is most interesting, as it brings us in contact with boys from all sections of the country. Mr. Grace is doing his bit in the selling

of Bonds. Having been made Chairman of the Brooklyn Division of his line of business, he has made the highest record for sales for each loan and is still at it. You mentioned gasoline conservation. When our smiling chauffeur, who had been with us for six years, left for camp remarking that he would not say goodby because he intended to come back to run that car again, we simply bid the auto a sad farewell and placed it in storage until the boys come home, which, God grant, will be soon. I feel confident that all of our splendid boys have the earnest prayers of the Brown County nuns to bring them safely and speedily home, so that the Convent Diamond Jubilee may also be one of thanksgiving. With best love to all the nuns, in which Mr. Grace joins, I am,

Sincerely,

GRACE KEHOE GRACE.

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And Jesus also was invited, and his disciples, to the Marriage. And the wine failing, the mother of Jesus saith: They have no wine. And Jesus saith to her: Woman, what is it to me and thee? My hour is not yet come. His Mother saith to the waiters: Whatsoever he shall say to you, do ye.

-John II, 2-4.

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Highland Park, Chicago, October 17.

Dear Sister:

I am very late in answering, . . . but just unfortunate circumstances. . . I am enclosing a little picture of our daughter Eileen in uniform. She belongs to the Illinois Motor Corps, an organization of young girls who give the use of their cars, and services and provide gasoline for a number of days each week for the services of the government; most interesting work, sometimes for the Food Commission, the Liberty Loan and the like. And always called upon to drive for the many distinguished persons who have come to town, for instance, the Blue Devils, the Italian Commission, the French Legionaires.

Mr. Kelly has his finger in many pies; but I believe I am prouder of his being President of the Associated Catholic Charities Organization. He is Vice-President of the Military Training Association of the U. S. A., Chicago Branch; a member of Executive Committee National Security League, and Vice-President of the War Exposition recently held here. And poor "mater" can only plead being on the War Camp Community Service Board, and just one of the sewers in the garment department of the Red Cross. All members of a family cannot be brilliant, so I just do my knitting and put to use the very good training in sewing which I thank dear Brown County for. You ask about Mamie; they live in Greenwich, New York, now, having left the Isle of Wight at the outbreak of the war. The name of Schultze was safer in America than on the wee island. Give my very best love to all my dear friends who may remember me. Wishing you all success in your interesting War Book,

Sincerely yours,

IRENE SULLIVAN KELLY.

Fort Lauderdale, Florida, October 22.

Dear Sister:

When Guy, Sr., came home the other day and handed me the small dainty envelope, I thought, "Oh, my, an invitation to a real party, but when I saw the writing my heart-beat increased, for I was hungry for a word from "old Brown County"; and it seemed strange, for I had been thinking of you all so very much the past few days and wondering what effect the war had had upon the school. I hope I am not too late, though I really have not much to say, for just a year ago we moved from Ohio to Florida, where we had already spent the two previous winters as tourists. It was a hard move to make to leave our childhood friends and surroundings, but the winters were too severe... so we decided to go to a warmer climate. I have not been very well, so have not been very active in Red Cross or any line of War Work, though I have done quite a bit of knitting for the Red Cross and Navy

League; sweaters, wristlets, scarfs, and helmets. I have never had the courage to start a sock. I have made hospital shirts and have fitted up several "kit bags". We all own Liberty Bonds and War Savings Stamps, and have done our utmost to conserve food and to help Uncle Sam win this war and put the Hun down forevermore. We have given clothes for the sufferers, in fact, there is not a branch of this war work but what we have contributed to. A brother too who is on a Navy Transport, U. S. S. City of South Haven. The idea of a War Work Number is great, and I am crazy to get mine. Could you send me two? And do write soon and tell me all the Convent news. Give my love to Mother Gabriel, Mother Margaret Mary and all the nuns, and I hope to see you all again sometime.

Lovingly, the same old

MAME BROWN WILLIAMS.

Ann Arbor, Mich., October 19, 1918.

Dear Sister:

It will be lovely to know what all the Brown County girls are doing to help win the war. ... Last winter and spring I was at the head of a girls' knitting club, meeting several times a week. There were fifteen of us and we made many sweaters, helmets, socks and wristlets, working very steadily in between meetings, too, ready to hand in our full share of finished articles each time a shipment was made. Though my studies at Ann Arbor will keep me quite busy this winter, I have signed up for as much war work as possible. Perhaps you would be interested to hear what our first tiny bit of help up here has been. The Influenza is very bad, ... so the Red Cross has undertaken the task of making thousands of Flu masks for the students; oblongs of gauze or linen of several thicknesses worn over the mouth and nose, and tied with tapes around the head, and are to be worn everywhere, in class, on the street, and at home, to keep the disease from spreading. The Red Cross made and distributed five thousand on the campus yesterday, but six thousand more are needed for tomorrow. Their effect is ludicrous. The wearers look like

the Ku Klux Clans of old. This had been my first War Work in Ann Arbor, so I am afraid my account now is not very important, but I am hoping to do at least as much this season as I did last. I belong as a student of the Music School to a Hospital Entertaining Corps. With love to you, Sister Josephine and all, I am

Affectionately,

MARY ELIZABETH AMBROSE, '15, E. DE M. of Logan, Ohio.

Marietta, Ohio, October 20.

Dear Sister:

Your note came just as I was leaving Wilmington, Del., last Wednesday, for it had been forwarded. Only Thursday I reached home. It seems as though the desire I always had to be a nurse came at an opportune time. Under the circumstances, the Johns Hopkins Training School has put me down as a Graduate Nurse at the very time when I am most needed. Otherwise this war might be over before I could have a hand in it. Hopkins is not taking any returned wounded men and probably will not. It is, however, sending out a great many doctors and nurses. One Unit went overseas in May, 1917, and has done good work at Base Hospital No. 18. Another Unit of nurses is now waiting to be sent overseas. In my class of sixty-eight, thirty-eight at least had signed for service by January, 1919. They include your humble servant and your Brown County Girl of 1912. I shall go overseas probably about March or April. I can hardly wait. Of course it is no life of ease and luxury but that is a small matter when there is so much at stake. And after all this old world is still worth living in and for, and worth helping others to live in and for. The grammatical censor will not pass that sentence, I know! But when the Kaiser and a few more no longer have the pleasure of trying to make the world go around, it will be even more worth while. Then we may all go back to Brown County and have a wonderful reunion. To that time I am looking forward and when I think of it, I unconsciously plan and plan until, -well I come to myself and decide to come back to earth for the present. In France I have a brother, other Brown County girls have too,—why should not I be there, in case any of those Brown County brothers, husbands, and lovers, need me! And so,—I'm going over! And I won't be back till its over "over there!" I did not intend to rave so, you will have to use the surgeon's knife on what I have written, so good-night. With the best of love.

Devotedly,

ELIZABETH JONES, '12.

Down South in Texas there is a church that has a parish Service Flag...but, "it wears its rue with a difference."... It is a Service Flag of the Church Militant. There are the Papal colors, white and yellow, and there are three gold crosses for the young men studying for the priesthood, and ten virgin blue crosses for the young girls who have entered religious communities.

Brown County, too, has its Virgin Blue Crosses:

Two Carmelites,
Two Visitandines,
Three Sacred Heart Religious,
One Providence Sister,
Three Sisters of Charity,
Two Notre Dame Sisters,
One Dominican,
One Sister of Mercy,
Forty-five Ursulines.
Almost one a year.

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New York, November 4.

Dear Sister:

The work I am doing is taking every second of my time. I am a student at Columbia, taking a course to fit me for a teacher of ( ) Therapy in a Military hospital. The work is perfectly fascinating, it is an intensive course of four months,

and I hope then either to be sent abroad or to one of our base hospitals here. My one brother, Laurent, is overseas, a Captain in the 30th Engineers. My older brother is also a Captain. My sister is fitting herself for government work. I am afraid we haven't time for knitting. Mother does her share, though. I am so anxious to see the Year Book and learn of all the wonderful things our Brown County girls are doing. Fond love to all the dear nuns,

NELL LOWENBERG.

Mrs. Freschard is always called "Mother Freschard" by the nuns who all love her dearly. A joyous word goes around the house when she arrives with her cheery smile and a pack like Santa Claus, which grows bigger with each visit. Though her fingers are never idle she has written no War Letter; she knitted garments galore for the soldier boys, but had not time to write about it. Last Christmas her usual hundred dollar check was sent to the convent and gratefully received, and this year she had also a box of candy for each sister for New Year's, sent with this note:

Owensville, Ohio.

## Dear Good Sister Mary:

The candy is to distribute to all my dear friends. I hope all will enjoy it. I take great pleasure in sending it, with a car full of love for each one, and be sure that every one gets her just share. I wish I could be with you but so many things are to happen Holiday Week that I cannot say if I can get over at all. Jennie and her entire family are coming for a few days. You know I will if I can. The enclosed bill is to help you keep our beloved cemetery looking respectable.

With oceans of love, and a happy and joyful Christmas

to one and all,

Ever sincerely, your old and true friend,

MARY GOMIER FRESCHARD.

She was one of the earliest pupils at Brown County, entered there in 1851, when the nuns were living in a small house down on the lower lawn. Her father helped the little

band of French nuns in the beginning in the days when these intrepid women used to wash the clothes in Solomon's Run. Mrs. Freschard's four daughters are just as loyal Alumnae as their mother, Mrs. Jennie Freschard Wagner of Sidney, being at present Recording Secretary of the Association. The others are Mrs. Matilda Freschard von Weller, Toledo, Miss Mary Freschard and Miss Clara Freschard, E. de M., '89 of Owensville, whose war letter follows.

Owensville, Ohio.

Dear Sister:

Just a few words about the Owensville Branch of the Red Cross of which I have the honor to be Secretary and Treasurer. Our work has consisted of surgical dressings of all kinds, hospital and refugee garments, property bags and knitting,—and comfort kits! We are justly proud of them for they are pretty and complete, and in the camps as well as "Somewhere in France" have been greatly admired. We have accomplished splendid work and have established a reputation for promptness, efficiency and "perfect socks". Perhaps it would amuse you to hear why I made my first pair of socks. When the last pair came in to fill our quota I was in despair. I really think it measured eighteen inches from heel to toe, and one lady declared it was only fit to send to the Kaiser. However, we ripped it and I went to work. Socks have no terrors for me now. They tell me Red Cross work is my "hobby". But I'll prove that I can stop writing about it. So with love to all the dear nuns,

Always,

CLARA FRESCHARD, '89 E. DE M.

Los Angeles, Cal., September 19, 1918.

Dear Sister:

... The young woman's society of our church, aside from (Episcopalian) their usual church duties, devoted much of their time last winter to Red Cross work. We made several hundred knitted garments, and by sewing two days in the week, made thousands of surgical dressings. I applied myself

also to a brief stenography course, and became Volunteer Secretary in the office of the Department of Hospital Garments and Military Relief at Red Cross Headquarters. This summer, auxiliary ladies have patched and mended ten thousand soldier garments sent down from Camp Kearney, and more are coming in constantly... When for a brief period this office was closed for repairs and additions, I had the pleasure of serving in a clerical capacity in special work at the Society for Relief of Fatherless Children of France. It is a splendid and well organized work. As I ticked off on the typewriter the names of those helpless little Pierres and Maries and Renés, my heart echoed a prayer for those fatherless babes across the sea, and another for the kind donor who is helping

them to live in spite of the Hun.

I hesitate to mention as service my appearance as Reader on Red Cross programs, for I feel I am just having a good time when I do that. I am told that the Los Angeles Red Cross Shop and Tea Rooms are famous throughout the country. The Shop idea originated here. Every one who can do a stunt considers it an honor to appear on their programs. Probably the climax of my happiness in doing my "Bit" came with a recent request to appear as Reader on a concert program to be given on March Aviation Field. March Field is about twenty miles from Riverside, at an elevation of nearly two thousand feet. Our entertainment was given in the evening in the Y. M. C. A. club house, which consists of a large recreation hall, library, and billiard room. All the camp buildings are of vast proportions, especially the hangars, sheltering their shining ships of the air. The night was delightfully mysterious ... a brilliant half moon and the evening star. . . California's skies are always blue, even at night... and there just for a moment one of the great ships of the air flashed its silvery wings and disappeared. Our program was a great success. Our audience of splendid boys, with bright, eager faces, inspired our best efforts, and "taps" sounded all too soon. We are planning programs for other camps in our vicinity throughout the winter... my knowledge of French has been helpful, for I have been able to translate letters from France to sorrowing Canadian mothers of my acquaintance;—letters from households of the simple French people where these mothers'

soldier-sons were billeted. Then there are the citations for bravery that come from our American boys,—It is a joy to translate them for proud mothers. You see my service is not big, just whatever comes to hand... but then we cannot all be Generals. Some of us must fill up the ranks. I enclose a piece that is most effective when well recited. Have the Marseillaise played softly at the end... Fondest love to all my Brown County friends.

Affectionately,

ADELAIDE BREVOORT CANNON.

Owensville, Ohio.
October 24.

Dear Sister:

You wish to hear about the part I have taken in War Work. It has not been such an active one, owing to the many duties of a large household, but I feel that I am doing my "bit" by sending two sons to serve their country,... and a third son, Louis, registered in August... Give my love and good wishes to all the dear nuns.

Lovingly,

MARY ARNOLD FAVRET.

Cincinnati, Ohio, October 7.

Dear Sister:

"Speak of an angel—!" you know the old saying. I have been thinking of you all so often these last days and only this morning resolved to write to Mother Gabriel... I have two brothers in service... one on submarine patrol duty along the Pacific Coast and now at Puget Sound. My husband is doing government work, making shafts for torpedo boats with the Pollak Steel company. So he is doing his bit, too. We are the fond possessors of a War-Bride,—Mr. Folsom's sister, married in June. My little girl, just two years old, requires a great deal of attention, so I have done little war work. We have contributed financially toward the Red Cross

and have Bonds and War Stamps. I have made some little garments for French orphans, as I can bring these home to sew. This, I am afraid is about all I can lay claim to as my part of the work. Betty has a little service pin with three stars for her uncles. When asked what they are doing she says "Till Tiser". My best love to you all. Though I grow old and decrepit, I shall always have a lasting gratitude for my dear Brown County nuns.

Affectionately,

Louise Gough Folsom.

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On February 22, 1919, his soul fortified by the Sacraments of the church, died in the hospital at Savenay, France, Captain Lawrence Brasher of the American Engineer Corps, after braving fire on the West Front in several battles. The mother of this hero is Mrs. Ellen O'Driscoll Brasher, E, de M., and his sisters, Mrs. Jessie Brasher Browne, and Mrs. Gail Brasher Parsons, '99. His aunt is Mother Angela, Superior of Brown County Convent.

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Cincinnati, Ohio, October 16.

Dear Sister:

Our Alumnae officers had a splendid idea when they decided to make the War Work Year Book. . .I am trying to do my part, but wish I could be over there with the boys. Three of my cousins are in the service. I helped in the Red Cross, Second War Fund Drive last May, going from house to house, and found the people very willing to give. I am a member of St. Mark's Church Red Cross Unit, a branch from the Good Samaritan, making surgical dressings every Tuesday evening. I have done a great deal of knitting. . . and that is about all, but I hope it has helped some and that Victory and Peace will soon be ours. With love, . . . Sincerely,

OLIVIA MEYER LANGFORD, 'OI, E. DE M.

Mrs. Eliza Miller Joyce, whose granddaughter Mrs. Sheldon is, was one of the Honorary Presidents of the Alumnae; one of the old and revered pupils and mother of two generations of pupils: Mrs. Margaret Joyce Church, Mrs. Mary Joyce Byrne, E. de M., '78, and Mrs. Lucille Joyce Hagerty, E. de M.; and Mrs. Ruth Church Sheldon and Mrs. Eliza Church Merrill of New Jersey.

Montclair, N. J., October 1, 1918.

Dearest Sister:

I cannot attempt to write of my War Work because my efforts have all been of a gray sameness, and lack all thrill of romance. I have no people under me, I am under them. I visit the Red Cross and make surgical bandages. I have learned to make quite a variety and enjoy it. You can see your progress in neat little piles that grow tangible fact before your eyes. Then, while I am folding little squares, my wild imagination muses over the wounded that these may bring comfort to,—the more pictures I make the faster I work and the longer I stay. At the Women's Stage War Relief I have hemmed baby blankets for tiny Belgian refugees,—those helpless mites struggling for a foothold on the earth amid such terrifying obstacles! I have entered my name for canteen service but there is a long waiting list, and I have not yet been called. So this is all too tame to be interesting. The real sacrifice made in the family has been by my brother, Harden Church. enlisted early in the war as a stretcher-bearer, as that branch of the service made a strong appeal to his sympathetic nature. He writes that the French are crazy over the American soldiers, and "think we are the gamest soldiers in the world." He tells of a hospital near (in France, of course) for shell-shock troops, and that their condition is pitiful; they tremble all over and some of them can hardly talk. Harden promised to give them a concert after being assured that the music would not upset their nerves. They are so hungry for music. . . How much back dues do Eliza and I owe. . . we never think of it, I am sorry to say... We have not received our notices.

Lovingly,

RUTH CHURCH SHELDON, '04, E. DE M.

Norfolk, Va., October 23.

### Dear Alumnae:

Am I too late for a few words? After the peace of nations is secure, I may find myself famous as possessor of culinary talent by no means suspected. We Southern women have lived long under care of a colored servant class now vanishing under our very eyes. For me, conservation is easy. My problem is—cook something that can be eaten!... That, and the effort to make a warlike husband resigned to stay at home, have been my chief war work. It is hard to be out of things in this city of ours grown up in the past year, -grown in spirit, too. A few years ago an enlisted man was not allowed in our theatres and today the man in uniform is the honored guest in our homes. I have entertained at my table besides our own men, Scotch and English sailors and soldiers from far-away New Zealand on their way to the front. Norfolk's combination of Naval Base, Army Base and Aviation Station is the biggest achievement of its kind in the country. The women have work here, and the Catholic women... Perhaps the most interesting is our local branch of the Chaplain's Aid. . . The sight of a thousand sailors kneeling at the early Mass in the big Auditorium of the Naval Base is one never to be forgotten, and just as impressive in a smaller way, the Mass in the Y. M. C. A. Hut, with the courteous Y. M. C. A. Secretary helping the ladies arrange the flowers. Here we women go distributing khaki-bound Bibles, books, rosaries and scapulars to the grateful men. The Chaplain's Aid Association Bulletin lists thousands of scapulars, rosaries, books, given. "A superb box of linens, one hundred and sixty pieces, marked, laundered and packed in so workmanlike a manner as to be ready for immediate use", etc., etc.

I must tell you that our Women's Auxiliary of the Catholic War Council led the women of Norfolk in the Fourth Liberty Loan Campaign. Under the brilliant leadership of Miss May Brooke, we turned in a report of a quarter of a million dollars, all secured from passing street crowds, the women not being allowed to canvass the city, which was thoroughly blocked out and worked by the men.

Of my own family my two young sisters hold government positions with the U. S. S. Shipping Board, my brother with the Hoover Administration in Washington, my brother-in-law, Capt. G. W. Simpson, commands one of the big new destroyers, and seven cousins are in the Army and Aviation in Italy, France, England and Russia.

What more can we ask today than to be women, Amer-

icans, and Alumnae of Brown County?

KATE MASSIE RYAN BARRON, '04, E. DE M.



### BLESSING FOR RAILROADS AND SHIPS

Almighty Eternal God, who hast bestowed all the elements for thy glory and the use of man, deign we beseech thee to bless this railroad and its instruments and to keep it always in thy kind providence, so that while thy servants go swiftly upon their way, walking in thy law and running in the way of thy commandments they may deserve to come happily to the Heavenly country. Through Christ Our Lord. Amen.

—Priests' Book of Ritual.

... Bless with thy holy hand this Ship and all who are carried in it, as thou didst deign to bless the Ark of Noah, breasting the flood; extend to them thy hand as thou didst extend it to Blessed Peter walking on the sea; and send thy holy angel from Heaven who will free and keep it always from every peril with all those who are in it: assist thy servants to their desired havens with a peaceful voyage, repelling all adversities, and in the lapse of time, when all tasks have been completed and rightly done, do thou deign joyfully to recall them to their own country. Who livest and reignest forever. Amen.

-Priests' Book of Ritual.



Bronxville, N. Y. November 22.

Dear Sister:

Your letter for accounts of my War Work was received just a few days before poor Pearl's sudden death, (Mrs. Pearl Robinson Lamkin, '98) and of course during that time all else was forgotten... I am sorry to say my three boys are too young to go, although we have had them at military school for several years. Thank God the war has not lasted. My husband is too old, so you see I had no sacrifices to make like so many others for whom my heart aches. Poor Olie! She was here with me just before her husband sailed. But I hope he will come back to her all right. Of course, I knitted socks and sweaters and did without flour and sugar, and conserved gasoline like everyone else; but Sister, with a large family such as I have, I, trying to be a good wife and mother, have not much time away from my home. But I gave as much financially as I could. As to poor dear Pearl, she was in Chicago with her husband's relatives and was taken with influenza... She stayed up and around, and when she went to bed, it was too late to save her. Her heart gave out. And the saddest part was that none of us could get to her in time and she knew she was dying, for she kept asking if they had sent for papa. It is so sweet of you all to remember us. I so often wish I could get to Brown County for the Alumnae, but I am never in that part of the country at that time. Do remember me to all the dear nuns, and with best love to all,

Affectionately,

CADDIE ROBINSON STEVENS.

New Richmond, Ohio.
October 18.

Dear Sister:

It is with pleasure I shall try to write something for the Year Book's War Number,—a fine idea! I am always so glad when any mail comes from Brown County. I have promised myself to go up and spend a week just to live over my school days. My first work to help was to give my two sons, though they belonged to the regular army. My oldest is Lt. Col. A. D. Davis, now commanding the Base Hospital at Camp Johnston. My youngest, Major Michael Davis, commanding the 33rd Areo Squadron at the Third Aviation Instruction Center, in France. While in England he spent a week's leave at a castle eight hundred years old, and he thinks his bed must have been nearly as old! I belong to the Red Cross,

Chairman of the Work Committee. We have twenty-five workers, have sent fifty knitted suits to France, have outfitted our own one hundred and twenty-five boys, have sent fifteen sets to Camp Sherman, and have quite a number on hand. I have done quite a bit of sewing, gauze work and hospital supplies. Besides my two sons, I have five nephews and two great-nephews in the war. I have tried to meet each financial call that has come out and have bought Liberty Bonds, and I invest in Thrift Stamps, so many each week. We must pray hard for a peace that will be lasting and safe for us. I beg you, dear Sisters, to remember me and my boys in your prayers. If Mother Gabriel is still with you give her my love. Wishing you a prosperous school year, I am

Affectionately,

FANNIE DIMMITT DAVIS.

Louisville, Ky., October 10.

Dear Sister:

I think the idea of having the Year Book a War Work Number a splendid one, and I know a most interesting one. I will be glad to give my little account. I will begin with what I am more directly responsible for and interested in-now don't laugh when I say—dances. I will give you a full history, for through our little efforts girls in other cities have made similar endeavors, not exactly in the same way, but it has started other activities. About a year ago one of my friends gave a Sunday afternoon Military Tea. The chaplain furnished us with the names, he and the Knights of Columbus Secretary were both very much interested and came with the boys. About twenty girls were asked to assist. It proved a very enjoyable occasion, but the chaplain after talking it over, thought they would enjoy dancing more, and a greater number of men could be invited. No sooner said than done. The Knights of Columbus are most loyal friends, they gave us the use of their hall. The dances are strictly invitational, the names of the men are sent to us by the chaplains, secretaries, or through personal friends. The girls, about sixty in

number, are all friends of some one of the committee, and they are chaperoned by the most prominent Catholic women of the city. The girls are taxed a small sum—this pays for the music, frappe and the services of a door man and a maid. We had the dances every week all last year, with the exception of Advent and Lent, and resumed them after the 84th Division left for Camp Sherman. It means quite a little work for those that form the committee. A few nights ago, four of us wrote invitations from seven-thirty until after ten. If you could read the letters of appreciation from the 84th after they left, and hear the delight of the mothers and other members of their families, for they always asked permission to bring their guests to the dances, you would feel as we do, that it is really worth while. When you think that many are very young, many never away from home before, all lonesome, you will realize that giving them an opportunity to meet the right kind of people is a very important thing. The fame of our dances is such that we have a waiting list, and the different Protestant churches that have been having dances are following our plan, so if we are a little proud, forgive us, for it is a pardonable pride. While I think of it, your nephew's name was on our list, but I do not remember if he came in. Our dances are for the training camp men and the enlisted men. In the beginning the officers were wined and dined, and the enlisted men neglected, but that was soon changed. We were among the first to entertain for the enlisted men. Enough of the dances.

The next that I am in a way responsible for is the knitting unit of the Junior Circle of the Queen's Daughters—I am Chairman of the Circle. All last year we met once a week, all day at the home of the members. Each girl provided her own lunch—the hostess furnishing the coffee. Besides accomplishing a great deal of work we had a delightful day. We disbanded for the summer but resumed the work in September. Now on account of the shortage of yarn, we meet once a week, all day at the Red Cross Headquarters, make surgical dressings. The Queen's Daughters have, for over a year, furnished breakfast at the camp for the boys who go to Communion. They would otherwise have to fast until noon. From a small beginning it has grown to be quite a big thing. Now serve at

six Knights of Columbus buildings and a tent. Serve between three and four hundred men. I have been and will continue, after the quarantine is raised, going out with the President of the Queen's Daughters, who is a neighbor. We go to three buildings—about five—and are kept busy from seven until nearly noon. The last Mass we serve is nine, but the men from the earlier Mass wait for us at that building. We have a very big crowd.

I have also been working for over a year in the Surgical Dressing Department of the Red Cross, knitting at home and have signed for Canteen Service. That branch of the service has not started here, but the huts are ready and the work will

begin this week.

Dear me, this does not sound very modest and unassuming. Am ashamed to send it, but please don't think I am singing my own praises. Your questions are responsible for the lengthy answers. And I note that you ask for a few lines. But I am hoping that perhaps through the Year Book, Catholic women will take up the serving of breakfasts on Sunday. From what I have heard it is not done but in a very few places. Having the School for Chaplains here, we meet priests from all over the country and know that the work is far from being general. The priests are very enthusiastic. Always have quite a number for breakfast. I did not start this work regularly until recently, but all last winter the members went out, even when a path had to be dug from the garage to the corner which opened to a thoroughfare, and when all roads were well-nigh impassible. Not one Sunday have they missed until last Sunday, when, on account of the epidemic, services were not allowed at any of the buildings.

You will have reason to be proud of the girls, for when the response comes in from all parts of the world, you will have a hard time choosing your material. How is my dear Mother Margaret Mary? Is she real well? And Sister Josephine? Mother Gabriel and all my friends? Give them all so much love... Would so love to hear if only a few lines.

... I am hungry for news of Brown County.

# Affectionately,

MARGARET MALONE, 'OI, E. DE M.

Mount Sterling, Ky., October 15.

Dear Sister:

What I have been doing for the "Success of the War" seems very little when I go to write it down, but knowing in my heart I do all that I can and am called on to do I don't feel so badly. I belong to only one War Work Organization, the Red Cross, as all that is done in one little town is done under them. Mr. Coleman is on the Board and intensely interested in all the drives and work of all kinds, Y. M. C. A., Liberty Loans, and whatever the work may be, feeling that he can't give enough of his time, energy and very limited means to make up for having to stay behind to feed and clothe two little tots. I give all to Tuesdays and Wednesdays from nine A. M. to five P. M., to the sewing, allowing nothing but sickness to keep me away. Up until six weeks ago we made hospital garments for the soldiers, but now we are making Refugee Garments. We have sent off thousands of garments and have been wonderfully inspired by the complimentary letters received from Cleveland where our garments go for final inspection. I try to knit a sweater a week, which wouldn't seem rapid knitting except that after being away from home. two whole days and my Sundays out it keeps me stirring to keep my home regulated, care for two little ones, and do all of their sewing. Other spare moments are spent in trying to learn to keep house over again and adapt yourself to the many changes and substitutes. Most substitutes, I think, are more expensive for the housekeeper, though they save something the Government may want. This requires unusual management for I try to save enough out of my allowance to buy four War Certificates a month, for with what other little income I have I put in nothing but Liberty Bonds. Our babies, though only four and six, have their little allowance every Saturday, part of it to spend as they please, the rest to go with me, very proudly, to buy their own W. S. S.'s. I have a nephew, Will Nelson Hoffman, who volunteered his services in the Marines. This summer they had a novel way of raising money here. The request went out for everybody to bring one egg to the Red Cross Headquarters, and they raised

\$70.00 from this little thing. Every lady was doubly glad to have contributed when last week the money was spent for boys right in our own...at Camp Buell, Lexington, Ky. The camp was filled with influenza and the authorities suffering for want of bed linens and pillows. The call went out to neighboring towns, so with the \$70.00, a box was soon made and sent over.

I hope the War Work number will be a great success, it

is certainly a splendid idea to have it.

With much love,

Louise Hoffman Coleman.

Cincinnati, Ohio,
October 27.

Dear Sister:

Hallie and I were ever so pleased to have a note in your handwriting about the new Year Book for Brown County. I simply couldn't execute an article about it, but I can tell you what we have done and expect to do. Of course, you know about my taking part in the Liberty Loan Drive with Marguerite Clarke in Cincinnati... Now I have signed for Canteen Work overseas, have taken my physical examination and am awaiting orders. I had beautiful letters from Mrs. Nicholas Longworth, from Judge Smith here in the city, and the President of the American Book Company, Mr. Dillman, in New York. Hallie has not done very much, but took part in selling and she worked the Red Cross Week, taking donations on the street. I spent the summer with Claire Wright, Mrs. Harry Kite of Washington, at White Sulphur Springs. We had a cottage and a most delightful time. Claire and I served at Canteen during the summer. Do let me have news of yourself and dear old Brown County. Best love to all always, from Hallie and myself.

Affectionately,

MARGIE WENTZEL.

1732 Peabody Avenue, October 13, 1918.

Dear Sister Monica:

I think it a fine idea to have a War Work Number, and at your request I am going to write on a separate sheet some modest account of myself and perhaps a boastful one of my three children who are having a part in things "over there". I am also going to enclose a copy of my War Verses, which are very simple but no doubt a real expression of what most mothers are experiencing along with me at this time. I have not had them published, but if you think they are worth while putting in the book I will be glad, but not hurt in the least if not included. I had no amusing incident to relate, for it has all been so real and horrible from the first. My boy has not distinguished himself as things go in these times—but he has been brave, uncomplaining and dutiful. He is now in the hospital having been shot through both legs on July 18th, and may be there much longer, and I hope will be sent home for further rest and improvement when the cure is finished. One wound was in the ankle joint, which was a compound fracture.

NETTIE COCKS BARNWELL. Enrolled 1879.

Frank H. Barnwell, 2nd Lieut. Co. G. 26 Infantry, 1st Division. Volunteered May 13, 1917, landed in France Sept. 24, 1917. Twice wounded.

Isaac H. Barnwell, 1st Lieut. Machine Gun Co. 123 Infantry, 131st Division. Volunteered May 13, 1917. Stationed at Camp Wheeler, sailed for France Oct. 7, 1918.

Nettie Cocks Barnwell, member Newcomb College Relief Unit, to sail in November for France, under Red Cross.

Mrs. N. C. Barnwell, Member National Council of Defense, also Red Cross. Assistant in Knitting Department. Have knitted thirty-six pairs socks, fifteen trench caps and wristlets. Serve in Canteen twice a week, and also do surgical dressings and sewing. Took part in the house to house distribution of Hoover Cards, and conserve food according to regulations as far as possible.

#### MY VIGIL

When the household sleep, and quiet Pervades the soft night air, 'Tis then that I am longing To hear a step on the stair.

Much like a lonely sentry
I'm alert, and strain to hear
Not the enemy's cautious tread,
But a voice and step so dear.

I am not used to the silence, So broken it used to be, When laddie came to my bedside, For a goodnight kiss from me.

Now the night and I keep vigil, Since he gently stroked my hair And whispered "Don't fret, Mother, I'll be thinking of you 'over there'".

He is fighting for me and freedom,
And my part's not to complain,
While I wait and pray and listen,
Till I hear his step again.
NETTIE COCKS BARNWELL.

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On the Child of Mary Roll, Belle O'Hara is set down as receiving that honor, the highest the school offers—not even excepting Graduation—on May 20, 1870. She and her sister are on the enrollment of pupils for 1865. These two were among the first to respond in 1910 to the gathering of the Alumnae, and have been in close touch with the Convent. It is with sincere sympathy that we now commend this afflicted mother to the Queen of Sorrows, whose Child she became in the freshness of that May day of her youth:

Williamstown, Ky.,
October 22.

Dear Sister:

With a heart full of grief I will try and write you a few lines. My youngest and darling son passed away last Thursday morning in the Cincinnati Hospital of that dreadful scourge...

Dr. Roy Clark, Interne, a martyr to duty in the epidemic.... in examining the influenza cases that applied for admission, contracted the fatal disease and collapsed at his post...I

enclose a slip from the Cincinnati paper.

We all belong to the Grant County Chapter of the Red Cross, my three daughters and myself. We have done a great deal of knitting and sewing. My oldest daughter is one of the buyers for the Chapter. My darling boy had entered the Medical Reserve Corps and was serving his first year as interne at Christ's Hospital, Mt. Auburn. My son-in-law is a sailor at Great Lakes Naval Station. Excuse this scrawl. I hope you can read it. Pray for me and remember me to Mother Gabriel. She was at the Convent when I was a girl. With best love and wishes for the dear old convent, I am a brokenhearted "old girl". I was with my son three days before his death. He received the last Sacraments of the Church...

BELLE O'HARA CLARK, E. DE M.

Williamstown, Ky., October 21.

Dear Sister:

In regard to your "War Book" I will say that I am a member of the Red Cross, as we have a Unit here, and I have made five sweaters, several mufflers and wristlets, and expect to do more this winter... None of our boys have yet been called... all have wives and young children. Give my love to all the dear Sisters...

Sincerely, Josephine O'Hara Reed.

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Miss Agnes Lincoln, E. de M. of Rome, Italy, has not been able to pass the censor board with her report of War Work. Indefatigable as she always is, especially in her devotedness to the interests of the Holy Father in the Eternal City, we deplore the lack of so valuable a letter as hers would be. Her life in Rome is one of lovely hidden charities. Of the Lincoln family at Brown County there have been enrolled:

Mrs. Pearl Lincoln Mitchell, E. de M., and Mrs. Mary Mitchell White. Mrs. Nellie Lincoln Buscaren, and Marie Elise Buscaren, (at Oak Street Convent), Charlotte Lincoln, Florence Lincoln, E. de M., '75, now Sister Angela, Agnes Lincoln.

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Miami, Fla., Nov. 4.

Dear Sister:

I had just been put in charge of a temporary hospital for colored people in this busy time of Flu. My big part in War Work, and I think you will agree with me that it is War Work, that is keeping the older children in school. . . In addition to this I have spent my evenings partly in making surgical dressings at the Red Cross buildings. I am interested in the economy, and only wish that years ago I had been taught how to save. I fear my work is small compared with what the other girls are doing. I am always interested in dear old Brown County.

Sincerely,

CORA MILLER BAIN, E. DE M.

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In that day, seven women shall take hold of one man, saying: We will eat our own bread, and wear our own apparel, only let us be called by thy name; take away our reproach.

-Prophecy of Isaias.

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South Nyack, N. Y., October 8.

Dear Sister:

I am sorry to say that I do not deserve a place on the Honor Roll of the Alumnae War Work Year Book, as I should be ashamed to tell you how little I have done. I shall look with great interest for the Year Book. Will you give my very best love to Sister Mechtilde? Always with the most grateful and affectionate remembrance of dear Brown County and all who are there, I remain,

Very Affectionately,
CHARLOTTE CULLINAN.

Miss Charlotte Cullinan is daughter of Mrs. Frances Molyneux Cullinan, who was graduated with Mother Borgia, Kate Magevney, in the Class of 1860, and was made Child of Mary in 1859. These two will celebrate the Diamond Jubilee in Heaven.

Hillsboro, Ohio, October 30.

Dear Sister:

I belong to the Red Cross. I pay my dues but have not been able to do any work for the Order. It seems long since we could attend Mass. Time seems long and lonely without visiting Our Lord in His sanctuary. I hope the churches will soon be opened...

Affectionately,

SALLIE OWENS BAILEY, E. DE M.

Cincinnati, Ohio,

Dear Sister:

... A few weeks ago I was called upon to sell tickets for the benefit of devastated France for one of the large "Movies" here, a play called Hearts of the World, ... I was stationed in the Hotel Sinton. We made our nine hundred dollars, which was considered very good. Most of the people paid for the tickets but did not take them; so after we young girls had finished, we took the tickets over to the soldiers at Fort Thomas. They certainly were happy, and on Friday morning the theatre was crowded with soldiers. The war surely has taught us all a lot of new things.

Ever so much love to all at Brown County.

Devotedly,

KATHRYN MAESCHER, '16.

Louisville, Ky., October 16, 1918.

Dear Sister:

My small part in this great War Work is hardly worthy of notice, but since you have asked, I will say that my efforts have been directed towards knitting and the making of surgical bandages. When the Red Cross Units were formed at our church, I joined the knitting forces, and labored so long and patiently over my first pair of socks that Mr. Service feared that he would have to ask for a continuation of the war, in order to give some soldier an opportunity to favor my maiden effort! Since that memorable pair, however, knitting socks has been very fascinating, and while I have kept no account of the number made, I am not altogether ashamed of my record. For Surgical Dressings I show a decided partiality, and my interest grows with the work. I have been attending this department for a year, giving two. mornings a week to the work, more when required by rush orders. We have observed the Food Administration rules to the letter, and I must say we are none the worse for the abstinence. My two nephews' desire to serve their country has been a source of pride and pleasure to me. John Slattery, 18, enlisted in the navy six months ago, and his brother, Maurice, was so eager to follow that his mother gave her consent. Their enthusiasm over their work is inspiring. When, oh when, will this most interesting Year Book be at hand? I can scarcely restrain my impatience to revel among those letters and renew my acquaintance with my school girl friends. The number is bound to prove interesting, and we no doubt owe you a vote of thanks for the happy idea. Kindly remember me to all the nuns and with every assurance that I still love you, one and all, in spite of my lack of sociability,

I am, devotedly,

MARY SLATTERY SERVICE, '97, E. DE M.

Springfield, Ohio, Monday, October, 1918.

Dear Sister:

You can't imagine how delighted I was to receive your note, for it has been ages since I have heard from Brown County. I think to make the Year Book a War Work number is a splendid and appropriate idea. I am trying like every one else to do my "Bit". I am most interested in the Home Service Department of the Red Cross. This branch takes care of many problems, but the main one is to settle the question who should get the allotment from any certain soldier,—the wife

or the mother? We have to investigate the case. First we visit the wife and hear her tale, and then call upon the mother. They certainly air out their troubles to us and go to extremes to get the money. Tomorrow I have to make a door-to-door canvass to find nurses and young girls who will go to camp and take the three years' course in nursing. About fifty girls signed up to take the course and when they were called only thirty or thirty-five were willing to go. The city wants the name of every nurse, nurse's aid, and practical nurse, so that in case of emergency it will be prepared. . . Ray is home from the navy and he looks fine in his uniform, but he is black with sunburn. He calls himself the "Sea-goin' man". When we ask him why he wears his hat almost on his eye, his answer is always—"That's sea-goin". I suppose school is as usual. Are there many girls? I am crazy to go down, but Papa never has time during the week, and on Sundays we cannot go on account of gasoline-fast. Now, when Papa can't wait any longer to see all the nuns, we are afraid of the "Flu". Give my love to all the dear nuns. I know the Year Book will be lovely.

Affectionately,
Mary Shouvlin, '15 E. de M.

Mrs. Fannie Borgess Thompson is the second of Mother Dionysia's three nieces who were at Brown County in the eighties: Mrs. Mary Borgess Burdeau, E. de M., '85, Fannie, and Mrs. Emily Borgess Slevin, E. de M., '93. All three were popular among their classmates, and the whole family were connected with Brown County's dearest interests. Bishop Borgess of Detroit was a great friend of the Community and a frequent visitor to his sister, and the beautiful marble altar in the convent chapel is a memorial of her. Mrs. Thompson's daughter, Charlotte, is also of the Alumnae.

Indianapolis, Ind., October 17.

Dear Sister:

The first call of the nation for the students for officers training received response from my two splendid sons. Although not twenty-two years of age, Ralph was commissioned Captain and made Division Commandant of the bayonet school for officers at Camp Shelby, Miss. I made several trips south

while he was in camp and even followed him to Camp Mills. L. I., where he embarked October first. Alfred, Jr., enlisted in a National Guard Company of Engineers. Hoping to be sent overseas sooner he entered the fourth camp of field artillery, where he was commissioned Second Lieutenant. I too felt the call and went to the Red Cross, making surgical robes, pajamas, bandages, and the like. With the Catholic ladies of the Adelaide Proctor Club I sewed altar linens for the army chaplains and helped support a French orphan. I am a member of the Indiana War Mothers and the Catholic Women's Service League, co-operating with the Knights of Columbus in furnishing entertainments or rendering any service for the boys in local camps. Just now we are making ten thousand gallons of soup daily for the thousands of boys sick from influenza at Fort Harrison. During "idle moments" at home with my daughters, we have made fourteen sweaters, five pairs of socks, two scarfs, many comfort kits, wristlets, etc. We keep open house for the soldiers always. Mr. Thompson is also in army work, in the packing house industry. They supply enormous quantities of beef and pork to the camps, the American forces overseas, and to the British, French, Italian and Belgian governments. The government demands the choicest meats and is paying the highest prices. We are all in the army of prayer and are daily communicants.

"Each one has some part to play, the past and the future are nothing in the face of the stern today"; and just who have made us realize this "stern today", but you, dear Sisters of Brown County, and I trust these few lines will tell you that not only are your children true Americans, but so

are your grandchildren, too!

Áffectionately,
FANNIE BORGESS THOMPSON,
State Vice-President for Indiana.

Chicago, Ill., September 24.

Dear Sister:

In our Jesuit parish of St. Ignatius, we have a large Red Cross organization consisting of a surgical dressing department, the sewing of hospital garments, and knitting. Of this latter my sister is in charge. We meet each week, when we receive the wool or return whatever garments are finished. many of us remaining all day. At one of these meetings a lady asked me if I would care to write to a Belgian soldier who had lost much in the war. I shall copy for you the answer he sent to my letter. He is a musician of distinction, serving in the armies, and he tells how he has lost his house, his piano, musical library, four violins and his diplomas, by fire. The letter is of greater interest than anything I can tell you.

Lovingly, EDITH ALLEN, '93, E. DE M.

> Tell City, Ind., October. 20.

Dear Sister:

In a way, I have been working all season for the Red Cross. for I suggested, in most towns where I sold contracts, that the proceeds be given in to the local workshop fund,—as the Lyceum work in which I am engaged is really part of the National Defense. Helping my "bit" in donations and investments as far as my ability permitted, is about all I have been able to do... Food? The little sacrifices we have been called upon to make are so trivial in comparison with what our boys are doing that a feeling of contempt arises in me when I hear anyone complain. How can they, when they know little children in foreign lands are starving? But what a preachment!...and I had no intention of inflicting it. . . you see that I am the same chatterer that I used to be. By the way, I have also earned a \$50 Liberty Bond, a bonus for work in the Lyceum field, because I went "over the top" in contracts sold... I wish you could see the exquisite service flag in our church. One of the nuns, a Parisian, by the way, painted it. As for my singing, I have had so little time for practice. I thank you, dear Sister, for your sweet invitation to visit Brown County and give a little recital... and playing at being a school girl again. And please don't call me one of "your ladies"... I'd much rather be one of your girls. Please remember us in your good Sincerely, prayers. My love to all.

P. S.—This epistle nearly beats St. John's in length?...

Thy wife shall be as a fruitful vine on the sides of thy house: thy children like olive plants round about thy table.

—Psalm 127.

Behold, thus shall the man be blessed that feareth the Lord. And mayst thou see thy children's children, peace upon Israel.

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Rushville, Ind., October 16.

Dear Sister:

The most we have been able so far to do is Red Cross Work, but have tried to do our part in surgical dressings, knitting and some plain sewing. Through the Phi Kappa Sorority, of which we are members, we have been able to help our Chapter by sales, auctions, and charity parties, and by making quilts, which were sent to the base hospitals in France. And together with the other State members we purchased an ambulance which has been in service at the front for months. . . . Esther has charge of the Thrift Stamps in the High School, and has had wonderful success. Charlotte Thompson was down for a week's visit with me in September, and we had a lovely time. Please give my love to Sister Josephine, and all.

HELEN BLACK, E. DE M.

Norwood, Ohio, October 18.

Dear Sister:

I have helped out in knitting socks and sweaters and other work wherever I can, but do not belong to any war organization. In the Sunshine Class we have entertained about eighty to a hundred soldiers with parties and good, home-made refreshments... I think this ink must have been made in Germany, it is so bad!... Mother is making scrapbooks for the wounded, and, of course, we both have Liberty Bonds. We have helped in the Belgian Relief for clothes. Mother has five nephews in the army... With love,

Sincerely,

ELIZABETH KEALHOFER.

New York City, October.

Dear Sister:

I hope we sha'n't have to tell you we have moved the next time I write, for we like to remain thus old fashioned that we still consider it rather a disgrace to move so often. We had plenty of heat but no storm windows and, as our apartment was right on the Hudson, our rooms were absolutely uninhabitable. But this is far, far away from the topic you want... On account of my sick brother, it is only since August that I have been able to devote myself to war work, and now it consists in assisting in a small way at the local Board and making bandages in the Red Cross work rooms a couple of afternoons a week. We began last week and expect to continue several Sundays, having either soldiers or sailors to Sunday dinner with us. I know the book cannot help but be a high tribute to the dear Brown County nuns, whose whole lives and energies are given to the making of just such women as are needed in such critical times as these. I found Papa slightly improved. We took Lawrence home at his wish. You will remember them in your prayers... In these times the world is so full of heartaches that I should feel that God has been good indeed to me. I have an old southern darkey who says "Dey say dis war is worse dan de Civil War". A heart full of love to you, to Mother Gabriel, Sister Josephine, and to every inch of dear Brown County.

Devotedly,

GENEVIEVE HACKETT WESSEL, E. DE M.

Winthrop, Mass., October 17, 1918.

My dear Sister:

When you ask for what War Work I have done, I really feel ashamed to answer, for I feel I have done so little. I was taking four boys out for a ride in our auto some time ago, boys who had just returned from "over there". They were all under twenty years of age,—one lad just nineteen,—and had been over two years. Two had lost an arm, one had had his shoulder shattered, and the fourth had been severely gassed.

They were all as happy and as cheerful as could be. I only wish I could write you all they told me. One lad had not seen his mother for twenty-two months, he lived just outside of Boston, so as I had not been told where not to take these boys for their ride, I just took this poor lad home for a short visit. Sister, if you could have seen the other boys in the car,—well, to make a long story short, we all of us just had a little cry!

Winthrop has an organization, Massachusetts Hospital Aid—I am told it was the first of the kind—a committee of four ladies serve the sick soldiers with cake, fruit, ice cream, and so forth, and spend the afternoon visiting with them, Tuesdays and Fridays. We usually have from forty to fifty boys to look after, and believe me, they are always glad to see the ladies come. I have helped in the sale of War Savings Stamps Drive for the Red Cross very, very often. As for sewing or knitting, I have not tried to do any, for I would pity the boys that would have to wear anything that I made. You must know that at Brown County I could not learn to sew, for I had to admire my sewing mistress all during sewing hour.

Our little town here has two forts—Ft. Heath and Ft. Banks, Coast Artillery. It is wonderful to see the big guns trained to sea. Very often we hear big guns in the distance, but no one seems to know what they are. Only a few days ago a big mine was found just off our shore. Almost every day when we cross Boston Harbor we see submarines, destroyers, and big battleships, wonderful to look at. They must be awful in battle. I have counted as many as fifteen large boats in docks, all "camouflaged", waiting for a convoy; then it will be days before any are there again. But, Sister, the boys I have talked to who have been over there say all the awful things we have heard or read about are true, and if I only dared I could write you some terrible things. We had a Red Cross nurse out for a drive, a mere shadow of a woman. . . My dearest love to all the Sisters and each and every day I think of Brown County.

As ever,

MARY WAGNER GORE, E. DE M.

Cincinnati, Ohio, October, 1918.

Dear Sister:

In answer to your letter I can only say that while my work is literally War Work of a particular kind, (District Truant Officer, Cincinnati, Ohio), it is not the material you want for your Year Book... Aside from my cousin Clarence, who is serving as major with the Cincinnati Base Hospital Unit in France, we have no one in the service, although the next call may take my brother, Gay. Knitting is not one of my accomplishments, but as Truant Officer, fear of me has made boys run down fire-escapes and jump out of second-story windows... With much love to all in Brown County, I remain,

Devotedly,

HELEN KING, E. DE M.

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#### BLESSING FOR FRUITS AND GRAINS

Holy Lord, Father Almighty, everlasting God, we beg and pray that thou wouldst deign to look with serene eyes and smiling countenance upon these seeds of fruits and grains; and as thou didst testify to Moses thy servant in Egypt, saying: Tell the children of Israel that when they have entered the land of promise which I will give them, to offer the first fruits to the priests and they will be blessed; so we pray thee, Lord, that by the help of thy mercy . . . hail may not beat them down, nor rain storms destroy them, but they may be preserved for use of souls and bodies, and that thou will deign to lead them to blest abundance and fullest maturity. Who in perfect Trinity livest and reignest for ever and ever. Amen.



Memphis, Tenn., November 5, 1918.

Dear Sister:

In going through, with much interest, one of the Alumnae Year Books of the Ursulines of Brown County, it seems fit to me that the memory of Annie Bolger Smith (E. de M., 1869),

who died on St. Joseph's day, of last March should be on its pages, for there never was evidenced greater attachment and veneration for a convent and its sisterhood than hers. Her heart ever clung to those noble educators from whom she felt she had derived her highest ideals. Between Mother Borgia and herself there was an unbroken correspondence of affection. which was only interrupted when the silver cord was loosened. In the little treasure-box she left are now to be found Mother Borgia's letters, tenderly tied with a bit of blue ribbon. When she was married, her first wish was to visit the Sisters, and so indeed she did. With open arms they received her, allowing her to pass through all the places, even the holiest ones, so dear to her memory. Then when the dark shadows of life began early to envelop her, she never for a moment swerved from the principles of faith and resignation that had been instilled into her youthful heart. The life of cheerful fortitude she led was almost that of a dedicated religious, radiating courage, truth, and hope. When the last came, the Reverend Father, who knew her well, after dwelling on her many virtues, requested prayers for her repose, adding that even St. Monica asked to be prayed for. This was a condensed and wellmerited tribute. God grant the Ursulines may ever continue to develop many more such sinless souls!

From one who understood and loved her well.

А. В. Ѕмітн.

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Little Rock, Ark., October 4, 1918.

Dear Sister:

Your note was waiting for me... Personally I do very little for the Red Cross. Since the organization of our Chapter, I have been Secretary to the Treasurer, Mr. J. R. Vinson, and I have handled all the funds (!) When the first War Drive Campaign Committee was selected, Mr. Vinson was chosen State Committeeman, and during that campaign we were kept awfully busy. Our quota was \$500,000.00, and we raised \$714,000.00. In the Second Drive, the Department again asked for \$500,000.00, and we raised \$1,150,000.00.

Mother and Eleanor are the knitters of the family. Eleanor's husband is now in action... I don't think we will have many more Fund Campaigns. I assure you I am looking forward with much pleasure to our June, 1920, Reunion. Will you let me stay in the Assembly Room again?

With much love to you, Sister M. Gabriel, Sister Josephine

and all.

Affectionately,
Nora Miles.

Philadelphia, October 6.

Dear Sister:

Your letter has just been received, and in reference to my interest in the War Work,—I am Secretary for the Tobacco Committee of the Overseas Commission of the Emergency Aid of Pennsylvania. I have charge also of the "Melting Pot", in this Committee for tobacco. Since last March I have collected enough old gold and silver, pewter and tin foil, to melt at the Mint and to sell, until the fund is now \$11,476.00. Our Tobacco Committee has collected, besides this, by donations, \$76,000.00, which has been spent for tobacco for the lads overseas. I am also on the Serbian Committee, and I give one day each week to the wool shop, where we sell wool for soldier's knitted garments at the rate of \$1,000.00 a week. And while we are so interested in our work we are so glad of an armistice to come,—perhaps, soon! With love and kindest best wishes to all.

Affectionately,

CLARA BIDDLE DAVIS.

American Red Cross, Base Hospital, Camp Taylor, Ky., December 15, 1918.

Dear Mother:

I do not know when I received a letter that gave me so much pleasure as yours. I felt that I had not been forgotten at my Alma Mater, and I do hope that Durrett and myself

may be present at the next Alumnae Reunion. I would like to know all about Brown County. No doubt there are but

few Sisters who remember me.

Mama, (Mrs. Sallie Phillips Durrett) keeps up remarkably well but never leaves home. She begs to be remembered with love to the Sisters. We are living in an army camp. The Base Hospital is on my mother's farm. We have seen, heard, and learned much in the past year. Durrett is working at the Quartermaster's and does well. My two little girls are at the Holy Rosary Academy, Louisville, Sallie Roberts is ten and in the Fifth Grade, and Simone is eight and in the Third Grade. Are Sister Mary Baptist and Sister Monica still with you. Give them my love. Christmas greetings to all. Trusting you will find time to write me again and thrill my inmost being, I am, as ever,

Your devoted child,

SALLIE DURRETT THOMPSON.

Mrs. Sallie Phillips Durrett and her sister, Mrs. Nannie Phillips Shipp, belong to the old times, the years before '72. Sallie Durrett Thompson, her daughter, and Durrett Thompson have been Brown County girls. Adelia Shipp, daughter of Nannie Phillips, was at the convent in 1884.

Bellevue, Ky., December 20, 1918.

Dear Sister:

In answer to your letter asking for the circumstances of my husband, Dr. James Nelson's, being wounded in France, I am sending you this little account, as I am afraid Edith will be too poky about getting it off. I hope Jim will soon be home again; do pray he will. He has been sent back into France.

It was in the second battle of the Marne that he was gassed, July 17, 1918, at Chateau Thierry. The telegram read "Deeply regret to inform you that it is officially reported that Captain James Van Dyke Nelson, Field Artillery, was severely wounded in action, July 17th. The Department has no further information. Signed, Harris, Acting Adjutant General".

An item that might be of interest happened during the Battle of the Marne. Dr. Nelson was in an old stable where they were bringing the wounded, and while administering aid in one of the stalls, a large shell came through three thicknesses of wall and landed in the straw beside them, and did not explode. Of course we all know it was the Providence of God that saved them.

After recuperating at Chairmont, and a furlough of one month, the Doctor reported to Headquarters, and was placed in charge of a hospital at Bain les Bains, where he remained until Oct. 10, when he was assigned to the 28th Field Hospital, 4th Division, and again sent to the Front until after the Armistice. Then he marched with the army of occupation toward Coblenz.

He hopes to get home soon. How are you? Happy New Year, and love.

Devotedly,

OLIE ELLERHORST NELSON, E. DE M.

Mrs. Nelson's sisters, Mrs. Clara Ellerhorst Senour, E. de M., and Miss Edith Ellerhorst, E. de M., '02, are also members of the Alumnae.

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Mrs. Caddie Maginnis Babcock writes of War Work in her parish at Richmond Hill, Long Island, which she deprecates as being rather too modest for record, but she claims the distinction of having two sons and six nephews in the American Expeditionary Forces. She comes of a family in which seven daughters of one generation and ten of the second have been at school at Brown County, as also two cousins through her grandfather's first marriage. They are: Mrs. Florence Maginnis Lynn, E de M.; Mrs. Lizette Maginnis Miller, E. de M., '71; and Mrs. Margaret Miller Berry; Mrs. Caddie Maginnis Babcock, E. de M., '75; Ruth Babcock; Natalie Babcock, E. de M.; Mrs. Florence Maginnis Walsh, E. de. M, '10; and Lizette Maginnis, children of Judge W. L. Maginnis. Mrs. Sherdie Maginnis Krebs, E. de M.; Katherine Krebs, E. de M., '08; Mary Krebs, E. de M., '14; Mrs. Daisy Sutton, E. de M., '85; Margaret Sutton, E. de M., '07;

Dorothy Sutton, E. de M., '11; Ursula Sutton, E. de M., '14; Sister Monica; Sister Josephine; Florence Snider, E. de M., '18; Marcella Kullman, E. de M.

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Sidney, Ohio, December 20.

Dear Sister:

When we consider what other great and noble things have been done, what Mama and I have done seems very small. Of course, Mama\* has given Ralph up to the service of Uncle Sam. With her poor health she was unable to attend our Red Cross meetings, but did her knitting for the soldiers at home. I helped out at the meetings by making bandages and sweaters, and by doing canteen work at different celebrations held here.

We have all enjoyed having Genevieve home with us (Miss Genevieve Gerlach, E. de M., Class of 1919), and regret that her vacation is drawing to a close. I would like to tell you of the many compliments Genevieve has received due to the wonderful training that only the Brown County Ursulines

can give.

Wishing you and all the nuns a happy and successful New Year,

With ever so much love,

MARY LOUISE GERLACH, E. DE M, '16.

\*Mrs. Flora Wagner Gerlach, E. de M. Mrs. Gerlach's sister, Mrs. Bertha Wagner Weber, of Chicago, is also of the Alumnae, and their niece, Mrs. Inez Thiedick Whipp, E. de M. of Sidney, whose early death brought sorrow to her many Convent friends.

Cincinnati, Ohio, January 9, 1919.

Dear Sister:

Yes, I am a member of the Red Cross, specializing in canteen work, four days a week, serving to soldiers, sailors and marines arriving and departing from the Grand Central Depot in our city. I have knitted also. I have no relatives in any branch of service. I am a member of the Women's Council of National Defense and conducted my household along lines laid down by Council of National Defense. I also sold Liberty Bonds and Thrift Stamps as well as buying liberally. During

the summer I was in charge of the office one morning a week for Devastated France.

You ask me to write you an account of the "Endowment

for Brown County" which is as follows:

Martha Burns and I attended a Musicale at Oak Street School, and there the idea came to us through the inspiring talk to the friends assembled. A similar scheme had been successfully closed by the 1916 Class at Cornell. The following Sunday Martha and I made a trip to Brown County and laid our plans before the nuns. They in turn referred us to Mrs. Katherine Denver Williams, President of the Brown County Alumnae, where our plan for an Endowment for Brown County was received most enthusiastically by Mrs. Williams.

We immediately set to work to get the names and addresses of every member of the Alumnae. We drafted a letter to be sent to the above mentioned, with a return pledge card for those who wished to take up our offer, (which we first sub-

mitted to Mrs. Williams for approval).

All expenses, printing, postage, car-fare, railroad fare (as we personally solicited members of the Alumnae in and adjacent to Cincinnati), were borne by Martha and myself.

Our original hope was to secure \$40,000 insurance on the Alumnae members, which would pay off the Brown County debt in ten years by the maturity of the ten-year-endowments,

or previous death of the member insured.

One of the members, a resident of Los Angeles, (Miss Marie Rose Mullen, E. de M.) was refused insurance by our examiner on account of some impairment, and wrote us that she intended to present a check to Brown County, the equivalent of the policy. Mrs. Freschard of Owensville (mother of Miss Clara Freschard) being beyond the age limit, said it was her intention to give the equivalent of a policy at her death. The following is a complete list of members who have taken policies, with Brown County as the beneficiary, each a Ten Year Endowment for \$500.00:

Sept. 16, 1916—Miss Louise E. Williams.

Oct. 18, 1916—Hilary R. Sexton.

Oct. 19, 1916-Miss Clara Freschard.

Nov. 24, 1916 — Miss Edith M. Ellerhorst. Dec. 1, 1916 — Miss Mary Julia Hummel.

Mrs. Williams was the first to subscribe, and sad to relate hers was the first policy paid. Miss Louise Williams died on Dec. 9, 1918, and a check of the Equitable Life Assurance Company was mailed to Brown County on Jan. 2, 1919, for \$510.41; \$500.00 being the amount of the policy and \$10.41 the accumulated dividends. The death of Miss Williams proves what benefits can be derived from insurance, for had she lived her alloted time she would have been a constant contributor to and benefactor of Brown County, and this small check for \$510.41 is a contribution to Brown County in their irreparable loss.

Since I am now married I am no longer in business. Martha Burns is still with the Equitable Insurance Co., and would dearly love to assist in furthering this project—for perhaps later members of the Alumnae would like to join our little band of policy holders. If so, a line to Martha (Equitable Life Assurance Society, Union Trust Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio,)

would receive an immediate reply.

I would be glad to hear from you further and would gladly again serve you if it is within my power. Kindly remember me to all the dear nuns, especially Sister Gonzaga.

Most cordially.

Rose Thorner Eisfelder.



#### BLESSING OF A GRAVE

O God, by whose mercy the souls of the faithful find rest, vouchsafe to bless this grave, and appoint thy holy angel to keep it; and release the souls of all those whose bodies are buried here from every bond of sin, that they may always rejoice in thee with thy saints forever. Through Christ our Lord. Amen.

—From the Layfolks' Ritual.



General Scammon like General Rosecrans sent his daughters to Brown County, and two daughters of each of these families later became members of the Community. The writer of this thrilling narrative in the coming pages, Comtesse

Benoist d'Azy, was born Carrie Scammon Jones, heroic daughter of an heroic father, General Eliachim Scammon of the 23rd Ohio Regiment, in the Civil War. Brown County numbers in its Alumnae two generations of Scammons, and this year has enrolled a member of the third. They are: Mrs. Mary Scammon Jones, Mrs. Margaret Scammon Lockwood, E. de M., Class of 1862, Miss Carrie Scammon, who died at school; Mrs. Juliette Scammon Hoyt, Mrs. Winnie Scammon Blanchet; then, Carrie Scammon Jones, Comtesse d'Azy, Margaret Jones, E. de M., Class of 1892, now Mother Mechtilde, Assistant Superior at Brown County; Mrs. Winifred Jones Ovitt, E. de M., Class of '99, Mrs. Mary Jones Resor, and this year, Miss Mary Lovel Resor. The two Generals were great friends, and while they were in the field during the Civil War, their families lived together at Yellow Springs, Ohio, where Bishop Rosecrans used to visit them from time to time to look after their welfare and hear the children's confessions, as no other priest was near. It was General Scammon who designed the Priest's House at Brown County Convent, giving it the air of open southern hospitality that now constitutes its charm. Mother Mechtilde, besides being Assistant Superior, is Directress of the school.

> Aux Armées—12 Février, 1917. Beaurieux, near Rheims.

#### Dearest:

... I have had a sad day, for my Service received the wounded from a coup de main made by us. We heard the cannonade from four A. M. until six-twenty P. M., and of course it was easy to know that we were attacking, but not until eight A. M. could the wounded arrive. The first was a powerful youth with a garrot around the thigh, and a very bad leg. He was in such a state of excitement that it took three men to hold him. Now he is peacefully sleeping in my ward, and each time I have been near him he has greeted me with an almost radiant smile. He is a poor lad from Valenciennes. ... He seems so glad to sleep in a bed to and be taken care of, ... poor lad!... But my heart is very sad, ... for such a darling Lieutenant of Chasseurs has died, and before he could

be taken upstairs, to say nothing of an operation, which was impossible... You know that if the wounded have not eight de tension artérielle, they cannot be operated on, they die on the table. ... We must build them up by serum, by huile camphore, by strychnine and spateinne, all by hypodermic. . . Notwithstanding all I did, piquères upon piquères, the little Lieutenant's pulse would not come up. I remained with him from eleven A. M. until seven P. M., when he died. After his death I arranged him, closed his eyes and shrouded him in a sheet, as we are obliged to do. When I had arranged everything I suddenly saw at the foot of the bed, a poor little seminarist, a little Poilu, who left the seminary to go to war, and sub-deacon he still remains, with a big heart of a real priest. He said to me "Ôte, ... maintenant, Madame, son âme nous dit 'Merci!' " But the awful part now is the howling of the little Lieutenant's dog around the house...a glorious starlit night... the beauty of it all makes the war seem more atrocious... these youths going from this world in such a brutal way leaving life at its dawn! ... I am de guarde, and if any wounded come I may be up all night...

# Février 24.

This letter begun so long ago... My night watch each time has been tragic until tonight and it is only eleven P. M. Last night... one of my wounded had a fearful hemorrhage. I noticed that he was agitated, went to him, found his face covered with cold sweat, and then looked further... He was lying in a pool of clotted blood. I put on the garrot, gave him a piquere d'huile camphore, and sent flying to wake up the surgeon de garde. He was down in a minute, all his équipe with him. He said we must have a transfusion, and he asked a man with a broken arm if he would give some of his blood. The man consented and at once everything was prepared... It is always a moving scene and although I have seen it many a time I can never witness it without emotion. Alas! All was useless, our dear soldier died at five A. M. I tumbled into bed at six A. M. Dear, I must stop, ... I am tired, ... a bit brain tired, too, ... You know I often feel as if Mother were near me. . . I feel that she has given me a bit of her mother's heart, too, for I love my wounded lads and they seem to me all, whether forty or twenty, like children. They ask me what they can eat, what they can drink, . . . I have to write many letters for them, and it is often hard work. I can tell you. . . Some Americans are coming this way, they tell me, . . two divisions, but mixed with the French troops. I am happy at the thought, but how I pity the poor lads. . . their first experience under this Hellfire.

# August 6, 1917.

For two weeks we have been in the midst of horror... Attack after attack,—within two miles and less of us,—has brought innumerable wounded to our hospital. How can I describe the night arrivals of these poor, mutilated, exhausted, heroic men!...covered with mud, with blood,...heads, arms, legs, bandaged with gauze already saturated with blood... We begin by washing them. The doctor looks at their wounds, which are hardly bound, while they are sent to the radiography. After that, the Surgeon sees those that are "operables", and they are carried to the operation table. I must run from the operation table and prepare a bed with hot water bags, with sitting positions for those who are wounded in the lungs or abdomen, flat for all others. At night we seem to be everywhere at once, but it is awful to see men die and die and die, and to be helpless to save them, though this we have done many times. Our rooms are in the cellar, with old, arched ceilings, whitewashed now, so as to be less sad, and there we all live, night and day. We forget the bombardment except that the violence of the attack brings us more wounded. We live so entirely with our wounded that we hardly ever go out at all, even for a minute. . . On Sunday we could not even go to Mass,... as every moment was precious.... The Army Corps has left us now and we regret them deeply, they were real friends and devoted to the cause. The General commanding, before his departure, came to decorate several of my soldiers, and upon leaving turned to me and said,—"Madame, de tout mon coeur, je vous remercie de tout ce que vous avez fait pour nos chers blessés!" and he kissed my hand, which I regret to say was very ugly and dirty. I said—"Ne me remerciez pas, car ce que j'ai fait, est si peu en comparison de ce que je voudrais faire,—"... To my surprise the next day

I received the following letter from the General.

"Madame,-au moment ou mon Corps d'Armée quitte le Secteur, je tiens à vous exprimer au noms de mes soldats, nos sincères remerciements, pour les soins si touchants et si reconfortants, que vous avez prodiguées à nos chers blessés. avec un dévouement au-dessous de tout éloge, sans souci des fatigues et du danger. Soyez persuadée, Madame, que nous en garderons tous un souvenir, reconnaissant, et veuillez agreez mes plus respectueux hommages." . . . I felt very proud and most touched. . . By the way, the Ambulance Service here has been made by young Americans, two of whom were killed, and I went to their funeral in the Soldiers' Graveyard near here. Should the picture of this funeral,—the two coffins lying on the ground before being lowered, covered with the flag, and surrounded by flowers picked from the field, while the General,—(my General)—decorates the dead with the Croix de Guerre, -should this picture appear in any of the illustrated papers of America,—you will see a white spot of an Infirmière's blouse next to a black spot of an Aumonier's cassock,—both surrounded on all sides by soldiers,—you will know that that one and only woman is your old sister... While I write you the Boches are sending us marmites to our Batteries of 75, ... whenever I come up to my room for a moment, I see the hideous engines falling. Do not fear for me, we are very near but not visible, and even if we were, our cellars are safe against even the 210's. I must stop now as this is to be my night watch. I have five battles to fight against death, ... God help me to win more than one of them, ... to win all would be wonderful. I must say good-night, ... piquères de morphine, de'huil camphore, de strychnine, de serum, call me to duty!... It is thus we battle against the weakness following these terrible wounds, ... what my wounded call "les coups de bayonnette de Madame l'Infirmière".

### September 3, 1917.

Let me describe it to you. A village within less than two miles of the fighting line,... twenty or thirty houses, roofless and shattered,... thanks to German shells. In the middle

of this village an ancient house, oblong, severe in outline, with small panelled windows. The entrance to this house or chateau is now protected by bags of sand and over the door. a huge hole in the wall, made by a German 150, is likewise stopped with sandbags. The salon and library have become Salle de Préparation and Salle d'Opération,-rooms in which the wounded are received and washed, and then operated upon. To right of the Preparation Room you can see a trap door of recent fabrication in common pine boards, and leading down under it is a sort of ladder... That is the entrance to my realm. In other words my dear wounded are in the wine There the vaulted ceilings have been whitewashed, and white sheets have been stretched around the walls, forming a sort of wainscoting. Under this vaulted room there is still another, where there are more wounded, and where no daylight ever comes. A bit comes into the upper room through openings near the top. It is lighted as are the prisons in many of the old chateaux one visits. . . At present my beds are all occupied with the wounded who have come in from the attack of August 31... Then came all this terrible and wonderful but heart-rending work. I was on my feet for thirty-six hours and did not even feel tired. Such mutilated men. . . arms and legs and chins shot off, ... gaping wounds everywhere. You cannot imagine seeing these men arrive...men, yes, every one of them, ... and wonderful men at that, ... the greater number boys of just twenty, ... all the youth of France!... I shall never forget one horrible human mass I saw lying in the bed of the Salle de Préparation; I approached him and saw that there was no hope. I was about to turn to another when two arms—the only sound parts of this body left then, -double fracture of both legs, abdominal wounds, ... no face left, save a handsome forehead, crowned with blonde hair, and a pair of tragic eyes,—two strong arms stretched to me and encircling me, . . . drew me towards him. If I never had a maternal sentiment in my life, I certainly felt it strongly then, and I thank God I could stay by that dying boy, and knew and felt I was a comfort to him. He could not speak, ... he had no tongue, no teeth, no jaw, but the horror faded a bit from the dying eyes, and I asked the Aide to give the piquere of morphine so that I did not have to leave him until

the very end... Perhaps I may be able to say to some poor mother, before many weeks pass, "I was with your boy when he died."...You cannot imagine how many letters we receive from mothers, wives, and sisters, and how great a consolation it is to them to know that a woman was with their loved one... Tonight we had a gas scare. And the orders came from the command to put the masks on all the wounded. You can imagine how good that is for men wounded in the breast. I rushed forth to shut my vent hole and put a wet sheet in front of it when suddenly I felt my nose strangely pricked as if mustard had been put up my nostrils. My wounded lav there in their beds with those hideous masks over their faces, until finally when I saw my two men, wounded in the breast were suffering, I gave orders of my own accord to take them off... The Colonel passed and said laughing "Oh the wretches, they have taken off their masks, and Madame Benoist d'Azy gives them the bad example."... It is now past midnight, and nothing new has come, but the gas bombs have been flying over us with a curious whiz... In my Salle, right here, I have twelve heroes, I am proud of them all... I wish you could have seen a little soldier weep when he left me, and see poor old me trying hard not to do the same. ... Then a Senegalais, who coupled my name always with Allah, . . . to him I was "Maman" which an old Colonial officer told me was a term of endearment and great respect. . . He had the beginning of gas gangrene and was near death. He often said "Senégalais fini demain," (Senegalese will be dead tomorrow). The day he realized he was cured, he laughed, showing all his white teeth and said "Maman guerit Senegalais. Il y a bon;" (in broken French, "Maman cured Senegalese, it is good").... I am about two miles north of the river Aisne in the direction of the second Verdun, and we hear all the fighting around the Chemin des Dames. Our Ambulance is spared because we have told the Germans that if they touch it, their own Ambulance, of which we command a much better sight than they do of ours, will be shelled without mercy, so you see, we are really not in much danger. . . .

I open my letter Sept. 6, to send you this bit of news: I know you will be glad: they have given me the Croix de Guerre!... I knew nothing about it beforehand, absolutely nothing... The morning the 151st Division was to leave, the General in command, Des Vallières, came to say good-bye to his wounded. He came to my Salle to make the round, then he stopped in the middle, we around him, the dear old Medecin-chêf, the Aide de Camp du Général, the Mêdecin-principal du Division, and the Etat-majeur de l'Ambulance. The General made a beautiful speech to the Medecin-chêf for the good the Ambulance had done, then suddenly, taking a big paper which his Aide de Camp held, he began:

"Le Général Commandant le 151st Division, cite à l'Ordre du Jour, Mme. Bênoist d'Azy (Carrie Mary Jones)," Voluntary Infirmarian, in an advanced surgical post, in this locality subjected to bombardment, has not ceased to give night and day, with unbounded devotion, care to the seriously wounded, extending her solicitude to their families. She has lavished her care and delicate attentions particularly during the days of August 19 till Septembe. 5, 1917.

Signed, The General Commandant of the 151st Division, Vallières.

The General then pinned on my Croix de Guerre, saying to me, "I give it to you as to one of my soldiers." I almost wept... the Aide, also the old Medecin-chêf and even the General had tears in their eyes. It was quite moving,... and I was so stunned, so surprised, while I felt badly that the other three women did not receive something. They were very sweet about it, and I do hope some day they will have the same honor... I forgot to say how delighted all my poor little wounded were when I was decorated, and how I appreciated the way all was done, quietly in the Salle, before those only for whom I had worked so hard.... I am taking my two weeks' vacation soon... Tell x I know she will be pleased to know her old sister proudly wears the Croix de Guerre... I write from my room,—three dying men,... and my service receives the wounded tonight...

### September 11, 1917.

My room, which is one corner of this old chauteau, on the second floor, has considerably suffered from bombardment. . . one side of the wall is entirely cracked, and when a bomb falls near, the crack becomes larger, and often my door gently opens, a rather unpleasant impression at night, an uncanny one.... When we hear that terrible tire de barrage! when we think of the poor human beings under it, when at two miles this old house shakes, and the sky is all aglare, . . . and then to see them come in, those poor, senseless, bleeding masses ... So many nights I have been up until seven A. M., caring for them, warming them, putting them to bed after their operations, holding them on the operating table, and then in the morning, haggard, covered with blood, -a sight to look at,-I still do not feel tired, for I really believe God helps me to get the necessary strength. You can't imagine the wounds we see,—entire faces blown off, hands and arms and legs that are no more, abdomens with fifteen wounds in the intestine, lungs laid open to view, so that the breathing sounds like a windmill, ... all this in our caves underground, while above our heads we hear the shells burst...it is real war here, such as I never knew it could be. . . And beside all this, often comes a Heavenly scene, ... the death bed of a little soldier, dying like a hero and a saint.

## Paris, October 1.

I am in Paris for ten days plus two because of my citation. I have much to do and must hurry... My love to each one of the dear nuns I know, for I love the Community...

## Paris, October 16, 1917.

I must send you a few lines, as I have a chance to have this mailed in America by Mrs. D., who sails in a few days. Of My Croix de Guerre, and my Citation, . . . this time I may tell you all of the names. I was named to Meurival in May. I did not have the work I wanted, so requested to be sent nearer the Front to an Ambulance in the cellar of the Chateau de Beaurieux, where no woman had yet been allowed.

I finally obtained permission for myself and Mlle. Dupuy, and we arrived there to assist at the terrible attacks of July. and the scarcely less intense ones of August and early September. General Niessel was the one who wrote me the letter I sent you, and General Des Vallières decorated me with the Croix de Guerre, the first at the end of July, and the second on September fifth or sixth... I am working while in Paris to have people give me things and I hope they will. I want my dear wounded to be as comfortable as possible. You know we only have those who would die if they were sent a few kilometres back, and we save fifty per cent. of those who are operated on, perhaps only thirty per cent. of those who stop at our Ambulance, but those thirty would also die if they were not stopped there. I am sending you a little picture of my Salle. Beginning from left to right, leaning over a wounded man is Dr. Rendee of Paris, then myself, Dr. Kaufmann, Mlle. Dupuy, and the Mêdecin-chef of the Ambulance for line nine. Dr. Fessor of Angers, and last, the Infirmier-Brêtre, Durand. He is leaning against what I call my chicken ladder, a stairway put up in one day, after the wounded had all been carried to the cellars, when the 150 Boche broke through the front of the cellar. First I had the upper and lower floors, and Mlle. Dupuy two other Salles, but then two more women came, and now I have only this one, but it is hard work all day and many nights, for each man is so seriously wounded. ... Here everything is very primitive, there is no running water, and no waste pipe, while all the service is done by means of my chicken ladder. You may imagine it does not simplify matters.

## Ambulance 5-22. Novembre 11, 1917.

I have a picture of you here, and a picture postal of Brown County, so I can often evoke you, where you are... The Boches have retired some distance, and we hear the cannon not so often... The avions come over, of course, but of late I think it has been more to photograph our lines than to throw their deadly bombs. Two weeks ago we were bombarded, that is, four obus fell, all four within a few yards of the Ambulance. Every pane of glass was shattered. One man was killed and three wounded. It is said that one of our obus struck

their Ambulance and they paid us back quadruple... We dominate their Ambulance and could annihilate it did we so wish.

## Paris, 8 Fevrier, 1918.

Your box of chocolates came to me here in Paris. I am on my way back to the Front and I will, of course, take the candies to my Poilus with joy, telling them where they came from. I am in the heart of Paris and was bombarded two nights ago. This card shows you where two of the bombs fell. . . . I am in a hurry to get back, as I imagine there is work to do, at my Ambulance, and I can say to them that I have come from bombardment to bombardment. . . I spoke the other day to some American soldiers,—four,—they were all from Ohio, two of them from Middletown,—so I spoke to them of Brown County, and they both had known girls who had been at school there.

Avril 23, 1918.

#### Dearest Little Sister:

It is the eve of the anniversary of our dear father's death, and I want to have a little talk with you. I don't think I can go to Mass tomorrow, for I am on night watch, and may not go to bed till morning, in fact, I may not go at all. Last time I was still up at nine-thirty A. M., having been receiving the wounded since nine P. M. However, since then we have had little to do, and now I have only four gravely wounded lads. On our right the cannon are roaring much more than on the left, where the great battle is going on. . . I think the Boches are meditating another attack so as to take us by surprise. There seems to be a calm for the moment, and the permission for leaves, which were stopped since March twenty-third, have begun again. As I have a right to go since the fifteenth of April, I may now start, and I assure you, I look forward to this rest with delight. These last times have been terribly wearing... we have had many and many a tragedy... At night we received many wounded. My last night de garde we received twelve, of whom two died, and another is, I fear, doomed. We have had complications of late from urenie... so that all sorts of tragic things happen. One poor little lad . . .

who wanted so much to live-only nineteen years old-was brought here wounded in the abdomen, in the thigh, and the arm. His horrible wounds were getting along nicely, when he showed symptoms of tetanus (lockjaw), then he became violently, terribly insane. All the other wounded were carried from my Salle, and I was delegated with an Infirmier-prêtre to take care of him. I passed six days constantly beside him. At moments he would know me and be so sweet, at others he would want to kill me, and be most terribly violent, holding my wrists or fingers so tight that it would be painful. Had it not been for the fact that he was paralyzed throughout his vertebral column, he would have been dangerous. After three nights of constant care I went off for a short sleep when they came to tell me that the end had come. I hastened down and found my poor little martyr calm, conscious, but unable to speak. I bent over him and kissed him on the forehead, the Abbe and I said prayers, when the eyes of the dying boy turned towards me with such a world of intense feeling in them that I shall never forget them. Then he stopped breathing gently, and all was over. I was so completely broken up that I disappeared for part of the day before taking up my work again. We are sad indeed over late events. The English could not hold it out against the onslaught of the Germans and, had not our little Poilus come to the rescue, I think the hated Huns would be already in Paris. Do not be worried because I am going up to Paris on permission, for my part of Paris has not been touched by the bombardment. You have, of course, heard that Good Friday a bomb fell upon the church of St. Gervaise during Tenebrae, killing many, especially women and children. Their next exploit was to send an obus into the maternity hospital of Baudeloque, near the Luxembourg Gardens. There many mothers to new-born babes were killed. It seems as though chance served them to make themselves more and more odious as time goes on.

## .Paris, June 9, 1918.

I wrote you some days ago, as I feared you might think I was in the fearful melee of May 27. Alas, I was "en permission", in Paris, otherwise I would now be dead or in the

hands of the Boche. The three poor girls I left at Beaurieux. ... leaves in the storm! ... I have been crazy with anxiety and sorrow over my beloved Ambulance, my dear blessés and the two companions of all these months of hard work. The third Infirmière was a little English girl sent to do my work while I was taking a rest. In my former letter I told you all I knew of that terrible twenty-seventh of May. On the twentysixth they wrote me from the Ambulance that all was quiet along the Front. I received this on Monday at one o'clock. A few minutes after, Charles J. telephoned me saying in energetic language that Beaurieux was already overrun. I rushed to the Gare de l'Est and begged to go. They treated me with disdain, saying that in a few moments the évacuées would be coming in,-that the railroads were all choked, that it was impossible, simply crazy. Then, little by little, I learned the awful truth—At one A. M. on Monday, May twenty-seventh, the Boches, who we thought were reinforcing on the Somme, began a bombardment all along the Chemins des Dames, which was defended on the right by the British, and on the left by the French. The bombardment continued until four A. M. Then the Boches began their forward march, aided by gas waves which preceded them. Over the little Ailette, up the north side of the Chemin des Dames they came, then rushed down upon all that beautiful valley of the Aisne, which I had left only a few days before—a regret. It was so fertile, so flowing,—the fruit trees were beginning to lose their blossoms, the lilacs were still in bloom, and already the peonies were budding. It was exquisite, that corner of our fair France, and I wondered how it could be so, when less than four years the hated boche had been there. I said a long good-bye to our little cemetery with its 12,000 dead, morts pour la patrie!... My poor Beaurieux was the very first village invaded and they had passed it before ten A. M. I have seen dozens of civilians from there and no two stories are the same. but from what I could gather, my Infirmières would not leave, because their wounded had to be left, they were too intransportable to be moved. The hordes swept over past Beaurieux and by six P. M. were at Fismes south of us. Now the battle is passing far beyond Beaurieux, and I fancy my little war home is quieter than it has ever been. But of course

we can hear nothing. The fighting is between Paris and the Somme, Oise, and Marne. I hope to get news through the Swiss Red Cross and by the intermediary of the Princesse Immaculés de Bourbon, married, alas, to Prince Jean Georges of Saxe, brother of the King. The Princesse, as a girl, was an intimate friend of my niece, Paule de Rocher, and she has already helped me with regard to the son of Madam X who was wounded and a prisoner in Dresden. I am awaiting orders and expect to be sent to a new post very soon.

June 13.

The battle still rages. The Boches are doing their best to win before the Americans come in, but I believe that God is on our side,—only we must suffer. They tell us the Boches have forty Berthes pointed towards Paris... If this is true much of dear Paris will be injured. Paris is more empty than it ever has been. At eight last evening I had occasion to come up the Boulevarde Houssman, I saw one taxi and no other vehicle as far as the eye could see,—think of that in Paris in June!!! My love—

CARRIE.

# Paris, June 28, 1918.

I really feel like apologizing to the families of the other Infirmières because I am not with them, fate is indeed a strange thing! Here was my dear Beaurieux that I obtained by dint of hard work, because they did not want to put women so near the Front, I had to make two trips to Paris and knock at several doors to obtain it. I stayed there for over a year. I was to have come up "en permission" the last of April, and my congé was to have ended May 20th, but there were delays about my being replaced so that I came nearly a month later. Had I started when I should, I would have returned just two days before that fiendish drive of the Boche,—alas, here I am in Paris—while my Infirmières are all prisoners. As yet we know nothing of their fate. It is, of course, awfully hard to have lost all my belongings. I am expecting to go back, and I long to be with my beloved soldiers. . . The very sight of them going along the streets makes me almost tearful.

God bless them! I see a great many of our own boys, too, the wounded ones are frequently around the streets. Yesterday there was a "Movie" or, as we over here call it, a "Cincine" given by the Americans. It was called "L'Effort Americain", and it showed much of the wonderful work of preparation that has been done by ours over here. It was most interesting and was frantically applauded, and I am more and more proud of our men. They have done fine fighting and they get on beautifully with the French soldiers. I think, too, that the English are a little jealous of them, for they feel that the sympathy is really so true between the French and American soldier. We are told today that Paris will probably be terribly bombarded, I doubt if that be so, and at any rate it is war now to the last drop of Boche blood.

CARRIE.

# Paris, 10 Juillet, 1918.

It never occurred to me in all the excitement and trouble over here, that you dear ones in America would be worried so much about me... I wrote immediately after that terrible drive of May twenty-seventh a long letter, ... to notify you that I was out of it. Evidently, ... you did not receive my letter. I am so, so sorry that I was "en permission" instead of being at my Ambulance in the very moment that they most needed me. I would only have been a prisoner, though, as are the three others, but I know I could have helped morally as well as by my efficiency, which is Yankee-kind, and very good in emergency... I have been à la peine, mais pas à l'honneur!... have had the hard drudgery for months, but I will not have the glory. My comrades will have it all and they merit it... Had I been there I would have deprived them of nothing and would have shared their glory. However, that was not to be. (Subsequent letters, supplying the link lost in the lost May letter, tell how in that May Drive the other ladies nursing with her were taken prisoners, and it is not known what became of their French wounded. A rumor came later through Switzerland to the effect that these nurses were allowed to nurse French prisoners, but where is not known.)... I did have the satisfaction, however, of knowing

that I was not forgotten, for in his report about Beaurieux, the Inspector-General of our Armée said, after speaking in warmest terms of my comrades,—"Madame Benoist d'Azy, happily, on "Permission", with Mile. Dupuy, may be considered among the A's of Infirmières. A means Ace, and is a term used for soldiers who distinguish themselves. You see I am blowing my own trumpet, but I am only blowing it to my dear little Sister, who I know loves me as I love her. As Infirmière-chef, I was obliged to give in notes on the work, to complete those already given. I suppose from the whole will be made a fine citation when they receive their Croix.... When the war is over I shall come over to America as quickly as I can, to be with you all, you dear ones. . . I hope Brown County will be willing to give me shelter for a time. You will find me a grey-haired old lady...but I think with lots of spirit left... The French Militaires say that the Marines are wonderful, the best troops we have. I suppose the sad lists are beginning to arrive in America now, and our own country over there will learn what poor France has endured for four years. At times it seems as if our men were too tired out to continue,—they seem to drag along; then comes urgent need, and they rush forward driving the enemy back and taking many prisoners. Our men, —this time I mean the Americans, -say that the Boche is no good as a fighter single-handed; he must fight en masse. . . . As both French and Americans say this, it must be true. The censor over here is very severe during the time troops are in front of the enemy. Please give much love to the dear nuns,—all I know,—for to know them is to love them... Don't worry if you hear accounts of the night raids on Paris, and the visits of the "Grosse Berthe" in the daytime. No one notices them much. I don't even go down to the cellar. I slept soundly through the worst one, which we had about three weeks ago.

# Paris, July 21, 1918.

Only a line to tell you that I have another citation, this time à l'Ordre de l'Armèe, and which gives me the right to put a palm on the ribbon of my Croix de Guerre, next to the silver star, already there, and which indicated the citation à

l'Ordre de la Division. Of course, the palm is a more important one, but it is often given in especial cases, whereas the silver star, my first citation,—shows that I have been right in the

midst of it. Well, this is my citation:

"Detailed for more than a year to the surgical post at Beaurieux, she has rendered signal service by her devotedness unbounded, and for her constant attention to the wounded. Under the most violent bombardments she has never departed from her calmness, and has always maintained the most beautiful attitude throughout the most critical situations."

General des Vallières, who gave me my Croix de Guerre, September last, was killed recently, and I feel very badly about his death. He was a magnificent soldier and was adored by his men... I hope my Infirmières will soon return to France. The news from the Front is fine, French and Amer-

icans advancing rapidly, and they adore each other.

... What is done at home is fine, and sweet and lovely, so much better than is done by some of the people who have come over here to work in the numerous branches, but who in their hearts come really for a lark. Their name is legion. Although there are many good, fine, hard workers whom I admire immensely for their untiring zeal. I have had word from my companions at last, who are well treated and are allowed to take care of the French wounded. Meantime I am waiting for a Post near the Front. The success of the Allied forces these days is wonderful,—there seems no stopping. The Americans are magnificent. I love the idea of the church bells ringing in New York to Celebrate the victories over the hated Boches. Well, though I did not have the honor given to my companions,—I mean that of accepting captivity for the sake of staying with their wounded, ... I am pleased and touched that I should have been remembered in such moments of trial and upheaval... I am still waiting and am almost totally alone in Paris, everyone having gone off to get away from the heat,—for very few of them are among those who fled in fear some time ago. It is strange how one becomes accustomed to everything. When the avions came over us at night I never budged, and now scarcely any one does; the carnivalesque parade down to the cellars always amused me when I came from the Front, and yet I thought it right to take the children down there. But now few people move,— it is really too much trouble. As for Berthe—this time she hardly sent anything,—a few weak obus,—a point—c'est tout. It seems that the Boche sheets proclaim the cruelty of the Americans, and say that they will probably come soon to the use of the tomahawk!

D'Ouville, August 30, 1918.

... Just a few words, as I wish to tell you myself something which I fear will make you feel badly, but you must not worry about me, as I am only grateful that it is not worse. To come straight to the point. When I received my last citation. the Inspector-General told me that I should take a good rest before returning to the Front, as he had been informed by my oculist that I was not in condition to bear any further strain at present. So, being compelled to rest until September, I came here to spend a month with my dear good friend, Mme. Fazende, in her lovely villa by the sea. I arrived at noon and the pain in my eye was so bad that I retired at once to my room. When Mme. F. came to me at tea time, she was, as I afterwards learned, shocked at the change in my appearance. She sent at once for the doctor, who tried at once to relieve the pain. By morning he declared that unless the eye was removed before night, he would not be responsible. My oculist was telegraphed for, but he was in the trenches with some of our dear American boys. Finally, Madame Fazende secured an auto,-you know all private autos have been requisitioned by the government,—and sent to Lisieux for an oculist. When he came, he insisted upon removing the eye at once. When Madame Fazende told me of his decision I asked if my life were in danger and she said yes,—I told her that I was perfectly willing. I had endured forty hours of such pain... I do not think anyone could endure it long with a sound mind. An operating room was prepared. I asked to administer the anaesthetic to myself. So I walked into the room, took my place on the table, inhaled the chloroform, felt the numbness, began to count, and the next thing I knew, the doctor was carrying me to my room. The pain was gone, but my poor eve. too. You must not feel badly. I have seen others lose so much more that I could not complain... My friends are trying to make a War-heroine out of me—so I let them satisfy their affectionate impulses, but I do not claim any such glory....

CAPRIE.

Paris, October 14, 1918.

E. K. FAZENDE.

Dear Little Sister:

I was so pleased and so gratified by your sweet note, that I want to thank you for it at once, and to tell you how thankful I was that dear little Carrie was able to reach me, and that I could help her through her terrible ordeal. I should begin by apologizing for not having cabled for permission to assume such a heavy responsibility, but there was no time, the thing had to be done at once,—her life was in danger. . . When on that Friday morning the doctor told me that unless her eye could be removed before nightfall, he could not answer for her at all, you can understand what lay before me... I hid nothing from her... when she asked if her life was in danger and I told her yes, she put her arms around me and told me it was all right and I could do just all the doctors wanted. I had had a spare room prepared. She walked to it, placed herself on the table, after kissing me, and in half an hour it was all over, and she was carried by one of the doctors back to her bed. She rallied from that moment, never had an ache all through August and September, and is looking wonderfully well now. We never left her alone, so she has not had time to brood over her trouble, and is now with friends, ... she will not be disfigured...her oculist is an expert, ... so that our sweet Carrie will show very little of the loss she went through three weeks ago. . . Since I read the analysis, I have been very thankful to have been able to act as I did. She is such a dear, and has been so devoted and heroic in helping all who needed aid and comfort... but her spirit never fails her, and she is such an example to us all.... She comes in every day like a ray of sunshine, and never once have I heard a word of complaint or regret for her loss. She is truly blest with the lovliest disposition I have ever come across. I call her my "Rayon de Soleil" (Ray of Sunshine), and nothing expresses her better. Yours in love and prayer,

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Mrs. Clara Bartlett Shideler Mrs. Fannie Freese Thomas \*Mrs. Mary Foster Wood

### Colorado

Mrs. Margaret Hurd Davis

#### Dakota

\*Mrs. Menza Rosecrans Burke

#### District of Columbia

Mrs. Elizabeth Worthington Costello Miss Louise Adams

### Florida

Mrs. Cora Miller Bain Mrs. Blanche Lucke McGarry Mrs. Mame Brown Williams Miss Alberta Majewski

#### Georgia

Miss Kate Law

#### Illinois

Miss Edith Allen Mrs. J. P. Barrett
Miss Margaret Barrett
Mrs. Matie Vanderveer Brown Miss Virginia Davies Mrs. Gertrude Barrett Gauldin Miss Adele Grant Mrs. May Neal Harrington \*Deceased.

Miss Josephine Jones Miss Margaret Jones Mrs. Hilda Strauss Katz Mrs. Irene Sullivan Kelly Miss Marcella Kullman Miss Henrietta Macdonald Mrs. Agnes Bremner Maher Mrs. Harriet Bartelme Tideman Mrs. Bertha Wagner Weber Mrs. Mary Parry Whitcomb Miss Anna Smith Mrs. Helen Oswald

#### Indiana

Miss Helen Black Miss Esther Black Mrs. Estelle McKay Bohn Miss Kate Dunn Mrs. Mary Reaume Drum Mrs. Fanny Borgess Thompson Miss Charlotte Thompson Miss Corinna Switzer Miss Charlotte Mullarkey Miss Mary Latimer

### Kentucky

Mrs. Mary Baird Ardery Mrs. Helen Armstrong Baker Miss Ella Cawthon
Miss Mary Gale Cawthon
Mrs. Belle O'Hara Clark
\*Mrs. Lizzie Alexander Clay
\*Mrs. Lida Matson Connors
Mrs. Lida Matson Connors Mrs. Louise Hoffman Coleman Mrs. Norma Giunchigliani Conway Miss Margaret Davis
Mrs. Sallie Phillips Durrett
Miss Edith Ellerhorst
Mrs. Mary O'Reilly Francke
Mrs. Nellie Barringer Blair Mrs. Belle Piatt Carroll Mrs. Ophelia Taylor Hoppins \*Mrs. Lizzie Byrne Jansing Mrs. Albertina Schumann Little Mrs. Callie Holton McClure Miss Margaret Malone Mrs. Jessie Davie Mantle Mrs. Olie Ellerhorst Nelson Mrs. Sallie Durrett Thompson Mrs. Gail Brasher Parsons Mrs. Emma Geisel Parry Mrs. Josephine O'Hara Reed Mrs. Clara Ellerhorst Senour

Miss Ella Swager Sherley Mrs. Mary Slattery Service Miss Elizabeth Steele \*Mrs. Elizabeth Clay Thomas Mrs. Gertrude Longworth Thomas Mrs. Laura Shelton Thomas Mrs. Laura Alexander Wiggins

Miss Rachel Wiggins

### Louisiana

\*Mrs. Josephine Hoskins Christy Mrs. Sherdie Maginnis Krebs Miss Katherine Krebs Mrs. Lelia Porteous Pond Miss Laura Porteous Miss Grace Martin Mrs. Edith Askam Ryan

### Maryland

Mrs. Lucy Daugherty Aman Mrs. Arabella Piatt Worthington Mrs. Kate Butler Lucas White

### Massachusetts

Mrs. Mary Wagner Gore Mrs. Dorothy Matthews Harrington \*Mrs. Edith Hayes Dolan

## Michigan

Mrs. Mattie Murray Bookmeyer Mrs. Fannie Desnoyers Moran Mrs. Mary Murphy McClure Miss Rosella Burns Mrs. Alice Bardo Lux

### Minnesota

Mrs. Lena Sheay Regan

### Mississippi

Mrs. Sallie Cocks Williams

#### Missouri

Mrs. Josie Daly Anderson Miss Bessie Bauduy Miss Olivia Lee Ghio Mrs. Henrietta Prenatt Green Miss Genevieve Green Mrs. Sara Liebke Hatton Mrs. Sara Liebke Hatton

\*Mrs. Mary Hoffman Jordan

Mrs. Alice Pim Kay

Mrs. Katherine Fearons Keefer

Mrs. Nettie Green Maguire

Mrs Hattie Basham Meier

\*Mrs. Sallie Basham Montgomery

Mrs. Lena Reichert Renner

\*Mrs. Carrie Rueb Sheve

\*Mrs. Carrie Bush Shreve \*Deceased.

### Montana

Mrs. Lily Rosecrans Toole

### Nebraska

\*Mrs. Celia Taggert McShane

### Nevada

Mrs. Louise Burns Gibson

### New Jersey

Mrs. Mary Denver Lindley \*Mrs. Mary Scammon Jones Mrs. Sallie Dutton Thompson Mrs. Ruth Church Sheldon Mrs. Eliza Church Merrill

### New York

Mrs. Caddie Maginnis Babcock Miss Ruth Babcock

Mrs. Belle Brandenburg Bates Mrs. Agnes Boulger Brennan

Mrs. Agnes Doulger Brennan
Mrs. Mollie Sullivan Cassidy
Mrs. Grace Kehoe Grace
\*Mrs. Eloise Wright Lee
Mrs. Katherine Lemcke Hicks
Miss Nellie Lowenberg
Miss Louise Marsh

\*Mrs. Henrietta Woodworth Manning Mrs. Winifred Jones Ovitt Mrs. Mamie Sullivan Schultze Mrs. Caroline Robinson Stevens Miss Anna Bird Stewart Mrs. Florence Smith Van Cleve

# Mrs. Genevieve Hackett Wessel Mrs. Marguerite Clarke Williams

#### Ohio

Miss Mary Elizabeth Ambrose Miss Anna Arnold

Miss Salome Augustin

Miss Salome Augustin
Miss Nellie Burns
Miss Pauline Bosart
Miss Alice Collins
Mrs. Marie Evans Bond
Mrs. Sallie Owens Bailey
\*Mrs. Mary Fee Baldwin
Miss Marguerite Balmert
Mrs. Alice Royle Bening

Mrs. Alice Boyle Bering Mrs. Lulu Bering Busch

Mrs. Lulu Bering Busch Mrs. Bessie Clevenger Blackburn Mrs. Nellie Barringer Blair Mrs. Ellen O'Driscoll Brasher Mrs. Jessie Brasher Brown Miss Mary Bray Mrs. Marguerite Ibold Broeman Miss Irma Buhrman

Mrs. Mary Murphy Burns

Miss Fannie Cahill Miss Gertrude Cahill Miss Alice Casev Miss Alice Collins Miss Grace Connole Miss Bernice Connole Miss Lucille Carroll Miss Katherine Champlin
Mrs. Elizabeth Closterman Calloway
Mrs. Mary Keeley Connell
\*Mrs. Helen Hunter Cornyn Mrs. Margaret Murray Daly Mrs. Fannie Dimmit Davis Miss Marian Dickerson Mrs. Josephine Clasgens Ditmar Miss Bessie Dohan Mrs. Lillie Griewe Dolle Mrs. Veronica Lundy Donovan Mrs. Fannie Bering Doppes Mrs. Mary Bloomer Duane Miss Marie Duane Miss Elsie Duane \*Miss Edna Dudley Mrs. Frances Wise Dunham Mrs. Phoebe Edwards Durham Miss Anna Du Bruhl Mrs. Katrina Aull Enneking Miss Katherine Egan Mrs. Susan Andrews Eger Mrs. Rose Thorner Eisfelder Mrs. Lenora Myers Ellis
Mrs. Alice Von Phul Epply
Mrs. Helen Hale Edwards
Mrs. Margaret Love Evans
Mrs. Mary Arnold Favret Mrs. Emma Goepper Feemster Mrs. Louise Gough Folsom Mrs. Kate Maguire Frese Mrs. Mary Gomier Freschard Miss Mary Freschard Miss Clara Freschard Mrs. Augusta Stroble Furste Mrs. Alma Dekkebach Furste Miss Zita Fallon Mrs. Mary Sexton Geisler Mrs. Anna Steindam Gerlach Miss Flora Wagner Gerlach Miss Mary Louise Gerlach Mrs. Celia Hunter Graffe Miss Sallie Grant Mrs. Blanche McCune Graybill Miss Mary Grever Mrs. Hallie Wentzel Groesbeck \*Mrs Mary McHugh Haviland Mrs. Clotilde Rampe Herschede Mrs. Alice Grever Hogan \*Mrs. Eliza Goepper Howard Miss Marjorie Huerkamp Miss Gertrude Hulsman Mrs. Julia Davis Hummel

\*Deceased.

Miss Irene Hickey Mrs. Florence Syms L'Hommedieu Miss Alma L'Hommedieu Mrs. Blanche Thomas Harris Mrs. Kate Anderen Ireton Mrs. Edna Dunkin Jaquith Miss Eufemia Johnson Miss Elizabeth Jones \*Miss Laura Jones \*Mrs. Eliza Miller Joyce Miss Elizabeth Kealhofer \*Miss Anne Kearney Mrs. Loretto Martin Keller Mrs. Katherine Elster Kelly Miss Fanny Kelly Mrs. Annie Hall King Mrs. Lizzie Griffin King Miss Helen King Miss Julia Klinkenberg Miss Florence Klinkenberg Mrs. Lillian Tibbles Koch Miss Adele Kipp Mrs. Cecilia Weber Langen Mrs. Mary Berry Lawler Mrs. Angela King Lindsay Miss Marian Lindsay \*Miss Irene Love Miss Margaret Lyman Miss Florence Lyman Mrs. Florence Maginnis Lynn Miss Agnes Little Miss Helen Lemmon Miss Agnes McCune
Miss Grace McCune
Miss Margaret McIntyre
Miss Eleanor McDevitt Mrs. Ellen Ryan McGlinchy Mrs. Ella Ferguson McNamara Miss Florence McNamara Mrs. Pazzi Roberts Macdonald Miss Kittie Mackenzie Mrs. Johanna Dwyer Madigan Mrs. Sallie Freese Magee Mrs. Edna Fox Maloney Miss Elizabeth Martin Miss Alice Marie Marzetti Mrs. Olivia Meyer Langford Miss Elizabeth Messman Miss Marian Molloy

\*Mrs. Edna Stall Morgan
Miss Ursula Morley

\*Miss Marguerite Moulinier Mrs. Mary Jane Henry Murray Miss Kathryn Maescher Miss Mary Blanche Maggini Miss Angela Moorman Miss Eula Norris Miss Edith O'Neill Miss Elsie Overman Miss Marie Overman

Miss Cecilia Overman Mrs. Rettie Bickett Owens Mrs. Virginia Rhonemus Peale Mrs. Eva Walker Pearson \*Mrs. Susie O'Hara Phillips \*Miss Mary Piatt Miss Kittie Pauli Mrs. Helen Edwards Rathenhofer

Mrs. Anna Boyle Roberts Mrs. Ethel Closterman Runck

Miss Katherine Resor

Miss Ratherine Resor Mrs. Florence Grevor Ryan Miss Mary Ryan Miss Viola Richardson Miss Clementine Ritchie Mrs. Mary Lynch Shannon Miss May Scanlon Mrs. Nano Holton Sexton Miss Dorothy Sabmidt

Miss Dorothy Schmidt

Mrs. Marie Oberhelman Shields Miss Florence Snider

Miss Louise Sun

Miss Gertrude Sullivan Miss Mary Shouvlin Mrs. Julia Edwards Sliker Miss Ellen Halsey Smith Mrs. Hettie Dodds Soper

Mrs. May Davenport Spingler Mrs. Daisy Maginnis Sutton

Miss Margaret Hildreth Sutton

Miss Dorothy Sutton
Miss Helen Ursula Sutton
Mrs. Hary Connelly Tedrick
Mrs. Alma Doppes Tedrick
Mrs. Mary Bracht Tilly
Miss Edith Thoman

Mrs. Hulda Albrecht Topp Miss Alice Vattier

Miss Alice Vatuer
Mrs. Gertrude Cash Voss
Miss Loretto Voss
Miss Marie Voss
Miss Margo Voss
Miss Margo Voss
Mrs. Frances Seymour Walsh
Miss Amelia Walsh
Mrs. Jennie Freschard Wagner
Mrs. Irna Wiedeman Wagner

Mrs. Irma Wiedeman Wagner Miss Margaret Walsh

Mrs. Elizabeth Carroll Weiser Mrs. Viola Godbe Werk

Mrs. Ada Boyle Wetterer
Mrs. Ada Boyle Wetterer
Mrs. Forence Wetterer
Mrs. Inez Thiedick Whipp
Mrs. Carolyn O'Donnell White
Mrs. Katherine Denver Williams

\*Miss Louise Williams Mrs. Estelle Matson Winters Mrs. Mattie Shidaker Wire

\*Mrs. Kate Bardo Wirthlin Mrs. Elma Kline Woerlin \*Mrs. Juliette Rogers Wright

\* Deceased

Mrs. Flora Strobel Wuest Miss Margaret White

Mrs. Margaret Wentzell

### Oregon

Mrs. Eleanor Macdonald Banks Mrs. Julia Worthington Macdonald

## Pennsylvania

Mrs. Bertha Mullarkey Franco Mrs. Clara Biddle Davis Mrs. Alice Van Antwerp Lea Miss Charlotte Cullinan

### Tennessee

Miss Marguerite Aull Mrs. Nettie Cocks Barnwell Mrs. Catherine Walters Burrows \*Mrs. Annie Bolger Smith Mrs. Elizabeth Magevney Sullivan Mrs. Ida Bradford Vaccaro

Mrs. Mary Mitchell White Mrs. Florence Maginnis Walsh Miss Dorothy Grimes

### Texas

Mrs. Gene Sterne Leick \*Mrs. Dolly Galagher Carr

# Virginia

Mrs. Kate Massie Ryan Barron Comtesse d'Adhemar (Née Marguerite Labrot)

### West Virginia

Mrs. Genevieve Hesser McLanahan Miss Marjorie Barnes

# Washington

Mrs. Kate Kricker Austen

# Wyoming

Mrs. Margaret Knight Goodrich

# England

Mrs. Mary Porteous Snead-Cox \*Mrs. Elizabeth Magevney Coddington

#### France

Comtesse Benoist d'Azy (Née Carrie Jones)

#### Germany

Mrs. Emma Mackenzie Pauli

#### Italy

Miss Agnes Lincoln

# Marriages

Mrs. Mary Baird Ardery Mrs. Helen Armstrong Baker Mrs. Jessie Brasher Brown Mrs. Norma Giunchigliani Conway Mrs. Veronica Lundy Donovan Mrs. Rose Thorner Eisfelder Mrs. Margaret Love Evans Mrs. Louie Burns Gibson Mrs. Merrill Couden Hart Mrs. Cecelia Weber Langen Mrs. Mary Berry Lawler Mrs. Pazzi Roberts Macdonald Mrs. Helen Young Oswalt Mrs. Gail Brasher Parsons Mrs. Florence Grever Ryan Mrs. Lena Reichert Renner Mrs. Hulda Albrecht Topp Mrs. Alma Doppes Tedrick Mrs. Harriet Bartelme Tideman Mrs. Gertrude Cash Voss Mrs. Marguerite Clarke Williams

# Deaths

Mrs. Helen Hunter Cornyn, enrolled 1851 Mrs. Josephine Hoskins Christy, enrolled, 1850 Mrs. Anna Bolger Smith, E. de M., enrolled 1869 Miss Laura Jones Mrs. Sophie Kearney Sweet, enrolled 1851 Mrs. Eliza Goepper Howard, enrolled 1868 Mrs. Edna Stall Morgan, '09, E. de M. Mrs. Edith Hayes Dolan, enrolled 1903 Mrs. Pearl Robinson Lamkin, '98 Miss Louise Williams, '13, E. de M. Mrs. Kate Bardo Wirthlin

# Announcements

# THE DIAMOND ANNIVERSARY

In June, 1920, God willing,—at the Alumnae Meeting, Brown County Convent will celebrate her Diamond Jubilee; the dates for the meeting will be announced later on.

1845, May 4, eleven nuns, under Notre Mère Julia Chatfield, set sail from Havre on the Zurich, for the Cincinnati

Diocese.

June 2 they landed in New York.

June 21, at 3 A. M., they took stage-coach at Cincinnati for St. Martin.

Aug. 6, Feast of the Transfiguration, they changed their

secular travelling costumes for their Ursuline dress.

Oct. 4, the first three pupils entered their school and work was begun.

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# ALUMNAE BUSINESS

The Nun's hospitality at Reunions has been a matter of concern to the ladies from the beginning. Formerly, different purses were made up at the meetings, for different objects, notably the expenses. It was decided at the last meeting that three dollars would cover membership fee (one dollar a year) of the year, and the Reunion expenses for that year. So this has been established to take the place of the purses. The By-Laws have been amended to read "One dollar Initiation Fee and one dollar for each year thereafter".

All former pupils are welcome to enter the Alumnae at any time or to attend the Meetings. One of the nuns is First Vice-President, and attends to enrollment. Dues should be sent to the Treasurer, at present, Mrs. F. M. Lynn, 123 Put-

nam Avenue, Zanesville, Ohio.

Art. V., Section 2 of Rules and By-Laws, has been amended to read "A Treasurer, Corresponding Secretary, and two

Directors, shall be elected at one meeting; a President, Recording Secretary, and two Directors, at the following meeting, and so on, alternately." By this arrangement it is proposed that each officer may have four years in which to accomplish satisfactorily her projects, and it is hoped that by making a few changes in the Board each time, a larger number of the Alumnae will gradually come into closer touch with the centers of its activities. The Board of Officers meet in Mid-Lent at Oak Street Convent.



# INSURANCE

In the letter of Mrs. Rose Thorner Eisfelder is set forth the thoughtful scheme of insurance worked out by herself and Miss Martha Burns, whose two sisters are Brown County Alumnae. It was a plan, the fitness of which experience alone might bear witness, and who can tell what more fruitful modifications the future may bring. Already the Convent has received a thousand dollars out of it, and the nuns feel very grateful towards those who embarked so generously upon the little enterprise, towards Mrs. Eisfelder and Miss Burns, Miss Maire Mulle, Mrs. Williams, Mrs. Nano Holton Sexton, Mrs. Julia Davis Hummel, Miss Clara Freschard and Miss Edith Ellerhorst.



# FEDERATION OF CONVENT ALUMNAE

At the meeting of 1917 it was decided for the Alumnae to join the Federation of Convent Alumnae, organized in 1914. Its purpose is to uphold the ideals of Catholic womanhood and to furnish educational, literary, and social work in harmony with these. More than 50,000 women are already enrolled in this Federation,—Catholic and non-Catholic,—all interested in the common Christian weal of the land. If Suffrage comes,—and it seems to be coming,—what cannot such a body of women do in protecting the school, the moral standards of

the municipality, and all else that affects the home? At the Toledo meeting of the State Branch, October, 1917, our Mrs. Williams was elected State Vice Governor. With this issue of the Year Book go two leaflets regarding the Federation and certain interests of the Christian mother.

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# EDUCATIONAL LEGISLATION

And certainly a great responsibility lies at woman's door today. There is a most insidious war afoot against the freedom of the schools. Socialistic theorists would take the child from the mother's care and place it under that of the state; in the last decade of years, bills to this effect have been entered and defeated in several state legislatures, but now they are being launched in Congress itself. January, 1919, sees a bill before Congress by which the private school and college, secular or religious, is to be done away with; not by open inhibition, but by a squeezing-out policy. The newspapers are saying little about it.

Children are not ninepins. Their freedom should be guarded by every Christian woman. Parents should be free to choose the school best suited to their little ones. Educators should be free to develop their genius for the benefit of their fellow mortals. Let the women of the Brown County Alumnae keep in touch these days with every educational move made in legislature or congress, and influence the vote of congress-

men for the welfare of their homes.

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# WHAT THE PASTOR CAN DO FOR THE HOME

The Holy Father Pope Benedict, in these days of turmoil, has urged Catholics to have in their homes a formal Enthronement and Dedication to the Divine Heart of Our Lord. The idea is to assemble the family and ask the parish priest to conduct the ceremony, making of it a festivel day en famille.

Someone has suggested that he was marking the doorposts with the Blood of the Lamb before this great epidemic, as did the Israelites when the Destroying Angel passed over. Great blessings have come to families through this ceremony; peace and health and preservations and conversions. It is intended that the pastor be the consoler in the home. In this book there have been set down some of the beautiful prayers the Church has composed, blessings for the homely useful things of life. The living Church, ever adapting herself to new needs of her children has blessings for everything, from Cattle and Telegraph Lines down to the Automobile, with its medal of St. Christopher, patron of travel. It is the spirit of the Church to have the Pastor come to the house in Paschal season or in times of sickness, to recite these prayers that leave behind them a heavenly benediction. Let the wise housewife see to it.













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